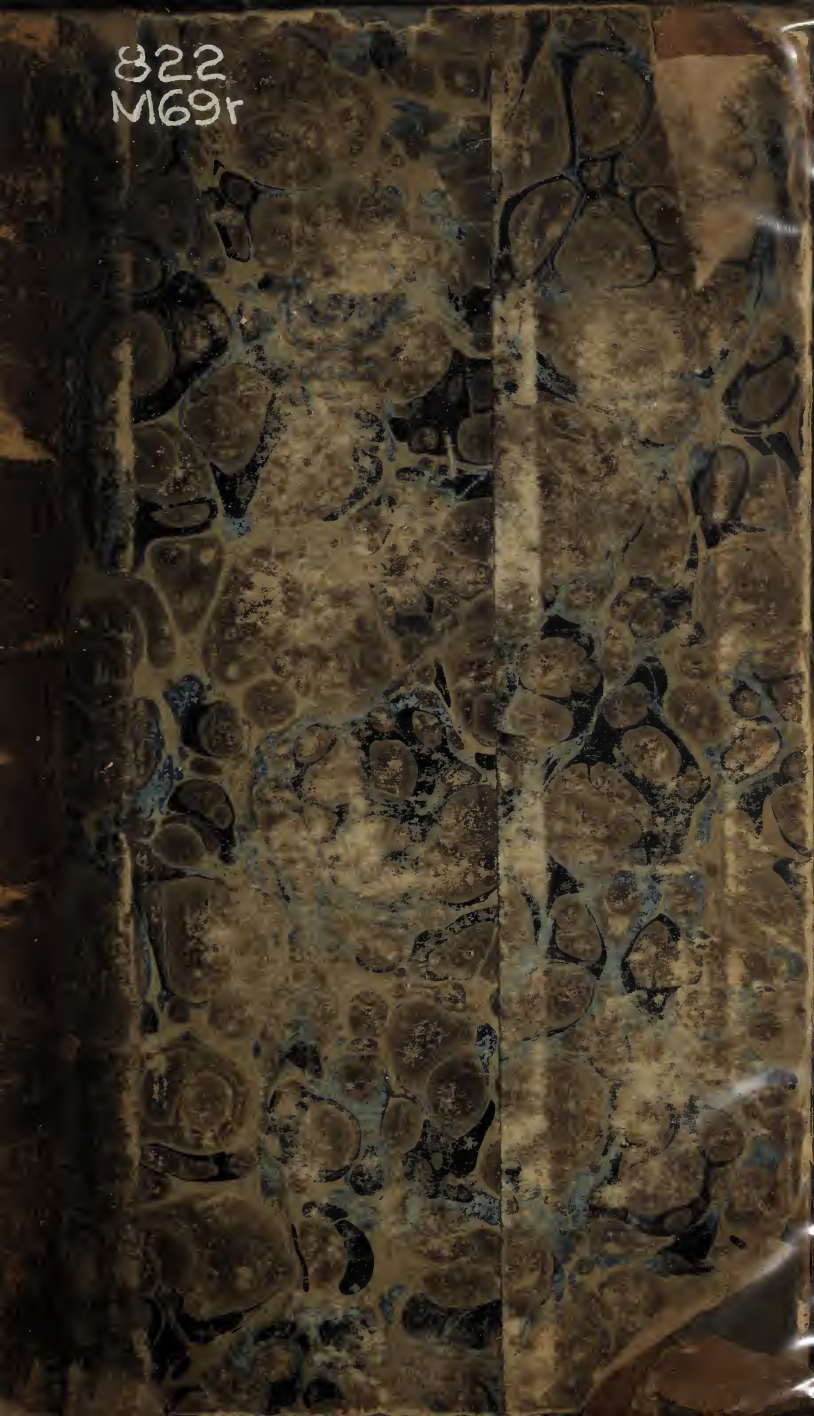


822  
M69r



30/-



LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF ILLINOIS

822

M69r

STEVENS & BROWN LTD  
107075 1-3  
NOV 6, 56

Return this book on or before the  
**Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books  
are reasons for disciplinary action and may  
result in dismissal from the University.

University of Illinois Library

DEC -6 1965

L161—O-1096



# RIENZI:

A TRAGEDY,

In *Five Acts*,

BY MISS MITFORD.

---

FIRST PERFORMED

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

OCTOBER 9, 1828.

---

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.

1828.

PRINTED BY G. H. DAVIDSON,  
IRELAND YARD, DOCTORS' COMMONS.



822

M69m

## PREFACE.

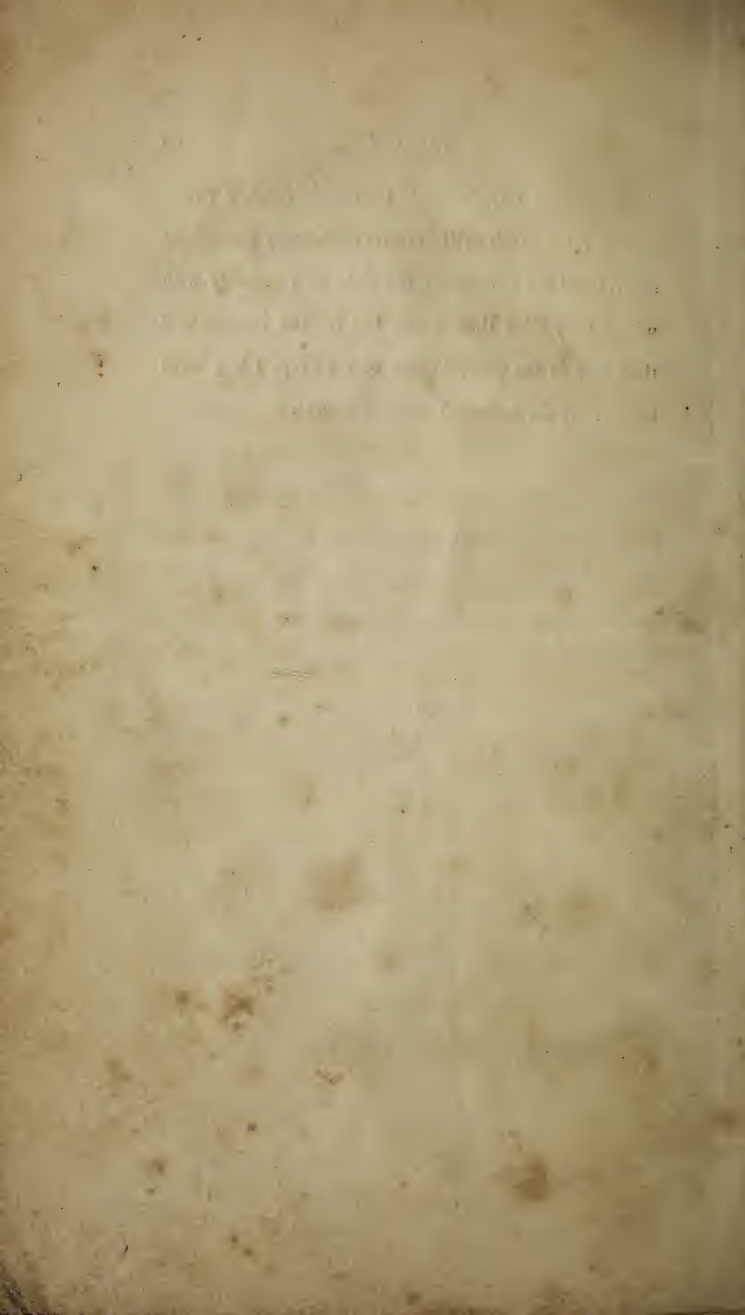
THE materials of the following Tragedy are taken partly from the splendid narrative of Gibbon ; partly from the still more graphical and interesting account of Rienzi's eventful career, contained in the second volume of *L'Abbé de Sade's Memoires pour servir à la Vie de Petrarque* ; and, as far as the female characters are concerned, entirely from invention.

So much for the play. To such of my readers as may have witnessed Mr. Young's performance of its hero, my feeble eulogium would, indeed, be superfluous, especially as, by the publication of the piece, I have enabled them to appreciate the delicate touches which belong exclusively to the performer. Still, I cannot

refrain from adding to my cordial thanks, one tribute, which none but the Authoress can pay; by declaring, with unfeigned sincerity, that the image present to my fancy, when writing that long and arduous part, has been perfectly and vividly embodied by the great actor to whom it has been so fortunately entrusted. To Mr. Cooper, I owe a double debt: as an actor, for his pure and affecting performance of Angelo; and, as a manager, for his ability in arranging the complicated business of the scene; and for the kindness and courtesy with which he lightened the labour of the preparations, to all who had a share in them. To Mrs. Faucit, I would in particular express my acknowledgments, for the discrimination and energy which she bestowed on a character important in the piece, but not calculated to reward the actress; whilst, to Miss Phillips, I owe an obligation of a different sort, for the pathos, the intelligence, and the modest sweetness, which, on their first development, have so enchanted the theatrical world. It is to me one of the most gratifying circumstances attendant on the production of *Rienzi*, that it has been



the medium of introducing to the acted drama, a young lady so fitted to adorn it, by every womanly grace. In short, to all the Performers, not only for the ability with which they filled their parts, but for the interest that they took in the general effect of the Play, I beg leave to offer my sincerest and warmest thanks.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

<i>Cola di Rienzi, afterwards Tribune of the People</i>	}	Mr. Young.
<i>Stephen Colonna, a great Nobleman of Rome</i>	}	Mr. Younge.
<i>Angelo Colonna, his Son</i>		Mr. Cooper.
<i>Ursini, a great Nobleman, rival to Colonna</i>	}	Mr. Mude.
<i>Savelli</i>	} <i>Lords of the Colonna Faction</i>	Mr. Aitken.
<i>Cafarello</i>		Mr. Lee.
<i>Frangipani, a partisan of Ursini, also a Nobleman</i>	}	Mr. Bland.
<i>Alberti, Captain of the Guard</i>		Mr. Thompson.
<i>Paolo, a Roman Citizen</i>		Mr. Yarnold.
<i>Camillo, Rienzi's Servant</i>		Mr. C. Jones.
<i>Nuncio, Ambassador, Nobles, Citizens, Guards, &amp;c.</i>		
<i>Lady Colonna, Stephen Colonna's Wife</i>		Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Claudia, Rienzi's Daughter</i>		Miss Phillips.
<i>Berta</i>	} <i>Claudia's Attendants</i>	Mrs. Geesin.
<i>Teresa</i>		Mrs. Webster.
<i>Rosa</i>		Miss Pincott.
<i>Ladies, Attendants, &amp;c.</i>		

*SCENE—Rome, in the Fourteenth Century.*

---

The lines marked with inverted commas were omitted in representation.

*For the Convenience of the Theatrical Profession, this Tragedy  
has been printed with the stage business.*

---

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

---

### EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; D. F. *Door in Flat* ; R. D. *Right Door* ; L. D. *Left Door* ; S. E. *Second Entrance* ; U. E. *Upper Entrance* ; C. D. *Centre Door*.

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; C. *Centre* ; R. C. *Right of Centre* ; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.	RC.	C.	LC.	L.
----	-----	----	-----	----

\* \* \* *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

# RIENZI.

---

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rome, in the fourteenth century.—A Street in Rome—A Temple in Ruins, in the background, with a Portico with columns in front of it, so managed that a person may appear and disappear amongst the pillars and recesses.*

*Enter PAOLO, R., and three Citizens, L., meeting.*

*First Cit. (c.)* Ah, Messer Paolo, a good morrow to thee!

The streets are full to-day. I have not seen  
Such an out-pouring of our Roman hive  
Since the last jubilee. Whence comes the swarm?

*Pao. (L.)* The stirring Ursini, on a hot canvass  
For their proud chief, the factious Martin.

*First Cit.* What he,  
Our senator! a proper ruler! sick, too,  
And like to die.

*Second Cit. (R.)* Nay, he were harmless, then.  
But 'tis his brother, John, of Ursini,  
The subtle John, that drives this business forward.

*First Cit.* A proper ruler! Martin Ursini,  
That seized the Widow Landi's house, to make  
A kennel for his hounds—that carried off  
The pretty child, Emilia Fano—none  
Hath e'er beheld her since.

*Second Cit.* 'Twas likelier John!  
The dark, smooth, subtle John. He's the prime mover  
Of these iniquities.

*Third Cit.* Ye have bold tongues.

*First Cit.* Art thou of their black faction?

*Third Cit.* No; I ply  
My trade, and hold my peace.

*Pao.* Stephen Colonna  
Should have been senator.

*First Cit.* No—he's too old:  
The Count Savelli, or young Angelo.

*Second Cit.* 'Tis ill to choose between them.

*Third Cit.* Ay, and dangerous  
To meddle with such great ones. Dost not see  
A man in yonder porch? [*Looking toward the ruin, L.*  
[*Rienzi appears in the Temple, with a piece of decayed  
marble in his hands.*

*Pao.* Our honest neighbour,  
Cola Rienzi, poring o'er some stone  
With legend half defac'd. Thou knowest Cola?

*First Cit.* A follower of the Colonna?

*Pao.* Ay:  
He haunts their palace, and, with rancorous hate,  
Pursues the Ursini. Didst never hear  
How his young brother, poor Antonio, fell,  
Murdered by their base groom? He hates the Ursini;  
And follows the Colonna, scarce for love,  
Rather to feast his learned spleen—for Cola  
Is a ripe scholar—with sharp-biting gibes  
And dark predictions: a rank malcontent—  
A bitter railer.

*Second Cit.* He approaches.  
[*Rienzi comes forward, c., with the piece of marble in his  
hands.*

*Pao.* Cola, what dragg'st thou there? a stone?

*Rie.* A mouldering stone!

An earth-encrusted stone!

*Pao.* A tombstone?

*Rie.* Ay—

Fit emblem of our city. Here be words,  
An' ye could read them,—words whose sense is dead  
Even as the tongue. Did ye ever hear the sound  
Of liberty—of country? Back to earth, rebellious stone!  
Back! back! thou preachest treason.

[*Throwing the stone up the Stage, L.*

*I Cit.* Treason to the Ursini! What will thy patrons,  
The proud Colonna, say to this new power?

*Rie.* My patrons!—Oh, they'll fight! they'll fight!—

They'll pour

Their men at arms into our streets, and wage  
Fierce battle; burn and plunder, spoil and slay  
Guilty or innocent, or friend or foe:  
Their nature, sirs, their noble nature.

*Pao.* Well,  
And we? What is our fate, sir prophet?

*Rie.* We!  
Whichever wheel turn round, we shall be crushed



Between the millstones. That's our destiny,—  
The destiny we earn.

*Second Cit.* He's right. The barons  
Make an arena of the city, vexing  
Our quiet streets with brawls; plundering and killing  
The peaceful citizens. Even the Colonna,—  
Albeit Stephen be a thought more brave,  
And Angelo more kind,—even the Colonna  
Are tyrants to the people.

*Third Cit.* Yet the yoke  
Must be endured.

*Rie.* Must! Be ye men?

*Pao.* Why, Cola,  
What should we do?

*Rie.* Talk, talk, my masters! Speech  
Is your fit weapon. Talk! Women and slaves  
So drown the rattle of their chains. Talk! talk!  
And tell in gentle whispers, gazing round,  
Lest other listeners than the storied walls  
Of these old temples hear ye, how on Monday  
A noble gallant, one of the Corsi, stole,—  
Seized is the courtlier phrase,—and wrung the neck  
Of Adriani's falcon, a famed bird,  
Unmatched in Italy,—the poor old man  
Weeps as it were his child,—or how, on Tuesday,  
Black John, of Ursini, spurred his hot courser  
Right through a band of pious pilgrims, journeying  
To our lady of Loretto,—marry, two  
Are lamed for life!—Or how, on Wednesday—

*Pao.* Stop—

*Rie.* I can go through the week.

*Pao.* But, for the pilgrims,—  
Art sure of that foul sacrilege?

*Rie.* As sure  
As that thou standest there; as that the Ursini  
Parade the city. [*Distant shouts, R.*] Hark! do ye not  
hear

The shouting mob approach?—Sure as that ye  
Who frown, and lift your eyes, and shake your heads,  
And look aghast at such foul sacrilege,  
Will join your voice to that base cry, and shout,  
Long live the Ursini! I know ye, masters.

*Pao.* Cola, thou wrong'st us.

*Rie.* If I wrong ye—no!  
Ye are Italians; men of womanish soul,

Faint, weak, emasculate : the generous wrath  
Of the manly Roman, with his lofty tongue,  
Lies buried—not for ever. [*Nearer shouts, R.*] Hark !  
Here comes

The tyrant of to-day. Go, swell his train.

I'll to my porch again, and feed my spirit

On these mute marbles. [*Goes into the Temple, c.*]

*Second Cit.* A brave man.

*Third Cit.* Full surely,

A dangerous.

[*Paolo and Citizens retire to the background in front of the Temple.*]

*Enter, R., Officer and six Halberdiers, who cross to L., and URSINI, FRANGIPANI, and two Lords, in conversation, followed by armed Attendants, and accompanied by a Crowd, R. S. E., who shout "Live the Ursini," &c.*

*Urs.* [*To the Mob.*] Thanks, gentle friends. [*To the*

*Lords.*] Yes, I expect to-morrow

A packet from Avignon ; even Colonna

Will bow to Clement's mandate.

*Fra.* If he do not—

*Urs.* Oh, never doubt ; if he refuse, why, then—

Doubt him not, Frangipani. Quicker, friends,—

I hurry ye, my lords, but we are waited

At the Alberteschi Palace. Follow fast.

*Crowd.* [*Following.*] Live John of Ursini !

[*Exeunt Ursini, &c., L.—Paolo and the Three Citizens come forward, and are stopped by an armed Attendant—the Three Citizens, with their caps off, R.—Paolo, c., and the Attendant, L.*]

*Att.* Why, what a sort of sullen citizens

Be here, that shout not ! Doff thy bonnet, man !

Look at thy fellows ! doff thy cap.

*Pao.* Good friend—

*Att.* What, must I be thy tireman ?

[*Knocks off Paolo's cap with his spear—Rienzi rushes out from the Temple, wrests the spear from the Attendant, and strikes him down with it. Exit the Third Citizen, R.*]

*Rie.* Down, vile minion !

Hath the slave harmed thee, Paolo ?—Art thou hurt ?

Look where the abject tyrant licks the dust.

The very stones of Rome cast back the load

Of his foul carcass !—yet he stirs ! I'm glad  
The reptile is not dead.

*First Cit.* Fly, Cola !

*Rie.* Fly !

*Pao.* To the Colonna Palace,—they will shield thee  
From danger or pursuit. This is no time

For thanks. Fly, Cola !

*Rie.* Let them fly that fear.

Fly ! why the evil-doer flies, not he  
That putteth down a wrong. Fly ! I would call  
Rome, universal Rome, to view this deed,  
The type of that to come. Yon creeping slave,  
Struck with the strong brute force of power, fell  
Before my weaker arm, nerved by the spirit  
Of righteous indignation. So shall fall  
Tyrants and tyranny. Meet me to-night  
On the Capitoline Hill. Now I can trust ye,  
Now that the man is roused within your souls,  
The Roman ardour.

*Second Cit.* One is gone.

*Rie.* Well, well,

A milder breeze had severed such light chaff  
From the sound corn. Yon slave—he lives—he stirs.  
*Pao.* [*Crossing to L.*] I'll take him to my house.

*Rie.* [*Crossing to R.*] And I, to-morrow,  
Will find a fitter hospital. Farewell !  
Remember midnight,—at the Capitol !  
Remember !

[*Exeunt Rienzi, Paolo, and Citizens, L., bearing off the  
Attendant.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Rienzi's House ; a Roman  
chair, L., and one R., with a skein of red worsted ; a  
Lattice down to the floor, C. F., opening into the Garden.*

*Enter ANGELO and CLAUDIA, through the Lattice.*

*Cla.* Beseech thee, now, away, Lord Angelo,—  
Thou hast been here o'erlong.

*Ang.* Scarce whilst the sand  
Ran through the tell tale glass ; scarce whilst the sun  
Lengthened the shadow of the cedar.

*Cla.* See !  
The sun is setting—see.

*Ang.* Scarce, whilst I said  
A thousand times—I love.

*Cla.* Look to the sun.

*Ang.* I had rather gaze on thee.

*Cla.* (R. c.) And think how long  
We sate beneath the myrtle shade, how long  
Paced the cool trellis-walk. When next thou steal'st  
Hither, from thy proud palace, I must time thee  
By seconds, as the nice physician counts  
The boundings of the fevered pulse. Away,  
Dear Angelo; think, if my father find thee—

*Ang.* (L. c.) Oh, talk not of him, sweet! why was I  
born

The heir of the Colonna? why art thou  
Rienzi's daughter? What a world of foes,  
Stern scorn, and fiery pride, and cold contempt,  
Are ranged betwixt us twain; yet love, and time—  
Be faithful, mine own Claudia—time, and love!

*Cla.* Alas, alas!

*Ang.* Thy father loves thee, sweetest,  
With a proud dotage, almost worshipping  
The idol it hath framed. Thou fear'st not him?

*Cla.* Alas! I have learned to fear him; he is changed,  
Grievously changed; still good and kind, and full  
Of fond relentings—crossed by sudden gusts  
Of wild and stormy passion. I have learned  
A daughter's trembling love. Then, he's so silent—  
He once so eloquent. Of old, each show,  
Bridal, or joust, or pious pilgrimage,  
Lived in his vivid speech. Oh! 'twas my joy,  
In that bright glow of rapid words, to see  
Clear pictures, as the slow procession coiled  
Its glittering length, or stately tournament  
Grew statelier, in his voice. Now he sits mute—  
His serious eyes bent on the ground—each sense  
Turned inward.

*Ang.* Somewhat chafes his ardent spirit.

*Cla.* And should I grieve him, too? Lord Angelo,  
The love deserves no blessing, that deceives  
A father.

*Ang.* Mine own Claudia!

*Cla.* We must part.

*Ang.* Oh, never talk of parting! 'Twas Rienzi  
That brought me hither first. Rememberest thou  
A boy, scarce more than boy—thy lovely self



Scarce woman. Then was thy rare beauty stamped,  
At once, within my heart,—then, and for ever.  
Thou canst not bid me leave thee, love, and time,  
And constancy—oh, be as faithful, Claudia,  
As thou art fair!

*Rie.* [*Without, L.*] Camillo!

*Cla.* Hence, begone!

*Rie.* [*Without, L.*] Camillo!

*Cla.* 'Tis his voice—away, away!

[*Hurrying Angelo across to R.*  
Here, through the lattice—by the garden-gate.

[*Exit Angelo, R.*

Now Heaven forgive me, if it be a sin  
To love thee, Angelo. [*Looking after him.*] My foolish  
heart

Beats an' it were. He's gone—he's hidden now  
Behind the myrtle-hedge: thank Heaven, thank Heaven!  
He's opening now the gate—I hear the key—  
But my sense is fear-quicken'd: now 'tis closed,  
And all is safe. [*Sinks down into the chair, R.*] Oh, simple heart, be still,  
Be still.

*Enter RIENZI and CAMILLO, L.*

*Rie.* Camillo, see that thou admit  
Only Alberti.

*Cam.* None, save him?

*Rie.* None. Claudia! [*Exit Camillo, L.*

Claudia, I say! She trembles at the sound  
Of her own name, and flutters like a bird  
Fresh caught, as I approach. It likes me ill  
To scare thee thus, fair daughter. Time has been,  
When thou hast listened for me—when my voice,  
Half a street off—my footstep on the causeway—  
Would bring my little handmaid, springing forth  
With eager service, to fling wide the door,  
And seize my cloak. [*Claudia rises hastily to take his  
cloak.*] Nay, nay, I need thee not.

*Cla.* Oh, let me take it, father!

*Rie.* Sit thee down,  
And ply thy sewing. [*Claudia sits, R., and takes up the  
skein of ravelled worsted.*] Hath Alberti—no—  
The west is glowing still. Hark ye, fair mistress:  
Crossing the hall but now, I saw a shadow  
Upon the garden wall, as clearly traced,

By the sun's parting rays, as I see thee  
Weaving fresh tangles in that ravelled skein,  
Which thou affect'st to wind. He must have passed  
By yonder open lattice. Art thou dumb?  
Didst thou not see him, Claudia? him whose shadow  
Darkened the sunny wall?

*Cla.* Perchance, Camillo.

*Rie.* Camillo! old Camillo! when I told thee  
I saw him plainly as thyself:—the form  
Erect and stately; the proud head thrown back  
Crested with waving plumes. Perchance, Camillo!  
Claudia, with thine old Roman name, I gave thee  
Precepts that might have made thee simply great,  
As ever maiden of old Rome. Camillo!  
Wouldst thou deceive thy father? Pay'st thou thus  
His love, his trust, his doting pride?

*Cla.* [*Rises.*] Oh, no! [*Weeps.*]  
No, no! I'll tell thee all: forgive me, father,  
Only forgive me!—Thou shalt hear——

*Rie.* Not now,  
Not now, my Claudia; cheer thee, sweet! I'll hear  
Thy tale some fitter season. Wipe thine eyes.  
[*Kisses her forehead.*]

If I've been harsh with thee, 'twas love, my Claudia,—  
Love of my fairest daughter, and vexed thoughts  
Of this oppressed city. Sit thee, sweet!

[*They sit, c., Rienzi, L., Claudia, R.*]  
All is at peace between us: weep no more,  
My Claudia.

*Cla.* This is joy.

*Rie.* I had been chafed  
By one of yon base minions. But the hour  
Of vengeance comes.

*Cla.* Of vengeance!

*Rie.* Say, of freedom:  
Dost tremble at the sound?

*Cla.* Oh, father, each  
Alike is terrible; for each brings war,  
Fierce desperate war.

*Rie.* Claudia, in these bad days,  
When man must tread perforce the flinty path  
Of duty, hard and rugged, fail not thou  
Duly at night and morning to give thanks  
To the all-gracious power that smoothed the way  
For woman's tenderer feet. She but looks on,



And waits and prays for the good cause, whilst man  
Fights, struggles, triumphs, dies. Vex not thy mind  
With thoughts of state, my dear one ; there's no danger:  
All whom thou lov'st are safe ; all, silly trembler.  
Peace, peace ! I will not hear thee : all are safe.

*Enter ALBERTI, L.*

Alberti, welcome. [*Rienzi and Claudia rise.*] Be the  
scrolls affixed  
On churches, at street-corners, in the markets ?  
Art sure of the soldiers ? Dost thou hold the watch ?  
Thine answer in a word.

*Alb.* In one word, yes.

All is prepared. I'm waited at the castle ;  
Yet hearken, Cola ; I saw Count Savelli,  
Colonna's kinsman, conning yon bold summons :  
Thou hadst best avoid him.

*Rie.* Nay, confront him, rather :  
I'll to their palace, meet them, baffle them.  
Hast heard aught of the Ursini ?

*Alb.* They feast  
High and elate within their halls.

*Rie.* Yon wretch  
Was not even missed. Poor slave, he shall be cared  
for.

Now, for the last time, simple child, in, in !  
Lay all thy cares to rest. In, in, my child !  
Bless thee, my Claudia ! my fair Claudia ! [*Puts her  
gently off, R.*] Now

For Rome and Freedom. [*Exeunt, L.*]

END OF ACT I.

---

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Hall in the Colonna Palace.

*Enter COLONNA, CAFARELLO, and LADY COLONNA, and  
Nobles, R.*

*Col. (L.)* What, Martin Ursini our senator !  
An Ursini, and of that hated race  
The most abhorred, the worst. He chief of Rome !  
Sick, too. Tush ! tush !

*Caf.* The tale is rife, Colonna ;

And, as I passed his palace, glancing lights  
And sudden shouts and merry music spake  
The high and liberal feasting which foreruns  
Expected triumph.

*Col.* Martin Ursini

Head of the state ! and the Colonna fallen  
Beneath their rival's feet ! His wanton vassals,  
The meanest horseboys of his train, will spurn  
My belted knights. Cousin, we must away  
To Palestrina, and array in force  
Our men at arms : they will be needed.

*Lady C.* [*Crossing to c.*] Fie !

These brawls match ill with thy white hairs.

*Col.* Good wife,

Wouldst have me turn a craven in mine age,  
A by-word to mine enemies ?

*Lady C.* Art thou not

Stephen Colonna, of that greatest name  
The greatest ? Which of these, proud Ursini,  
May match with thee in fame ? But thy old wreaths  
Were won in nobler fields. These private feuds  
Are grown a crying evil.

*Enter SAVELLI, L.*

Count Savelli !

*Sav.* A fair good evening, noble dame. Colonna,  
Hear'st thou the news ?

*Col.* Of Martin Ursini ?

*Sav.* Nay, that were common, stale, and trivial. See,  
I bring ye tidings of rebellion, sirs ;  
High tidings ! stirring tidings ! prompt rebellion !  
Headed—I pr'ythee guess.

*Caf.* (R.) Rare food for mirth,  
If we may judge by look and tone. The wives  
Of Rome revolted ; or the husbands risen  
Against their gentle dames.

*Sav.* 'Tis a brief summons,  
Fiery, but scholarly, stern, bold, and plain,—  
Calling the citizens to meet to-night  
And win their freedom. Such a scroll as this  
Is fixed in every street.

*Caf.* How signed ?

*Sav.* Guess ! guess !

There lies the mirth : ye'll never guess—read here.

[*Crossing to c. and showing a scroll.*]

*Caf.* What, Cola di Rienzi! honest Cola,  
Who saves Colonna here a jester's charge,  
A fool without the bells. Honest Rienzi!  
'Tis a device of the black Ursini.

*Col. (L.)* Likelier some freak of Cola's. He hath  
turned

A bitter knave of late, and lost his mirth,  
And mutters riddling warnings and wild tales  
Of the great days of heathen Rome; and prates  
Of peace, and liberty, and equal law,  
And mild philosophy, to us the knights  
And warriors of this warlike age, who rule  
By the bright law of arms. The fool's grown wise—  
A grievous change.

*Lady C. (L.C.)* I ever thought him so:  
A sad wise man, of daring eye, and free,  
Yet mystic speech. When ye have laughed, I still  
Have shuddered for his darkling words, oft fell  
Like oracles, answering with dim response  
To my unspoken thoughts, so that my spirit,  
Albeit unused to womanish fear, hath quail'd  
To hear his voice's deep vibration. Watch him!  
Be sure, he is ambitious.—Watch him, lords:—  
He hath o'erleapt the barrier, poverty;  
Hath conquered his mean parentage; hath clomb  
To decent station, to high lettered fame;—  
The pontiff's notary, the honoured friend  
Of Petrarch. Watch him well. [Crosses to R.]

*Col.* Tush, tush! Rienzi—  
Cola Rienzi—honest Cola, rise  
'Gainst us! Fair wife, I deemed thee wiser.—They  
Who plot are silent. Would we were as sure  
Of Martin Ursini! What says Avignon?  
The holy father hath not joined the faction?

*Enter RIENZI, behind, L., unseen.*

*Sav.* I know not; but the cardinals, his uncles,  
Are powerful with Pope Clement.

*Col.* All the race,  
Churchmen or laic, old or young, have craft  
Veined in their stony hearts—the master-streak  
Of that cold marble. Of the cardinals,  
Gaëtano is a soldier-priest, but wary,  
And politic as valiant; Annibal,

A meek soft-spoken monk, who, crawling, climbs,  
Ambition's loftiest ladder. Of the nephews,

*Rie.* [*Advancing, c.*] Despatch them at a stroke,—say  
they're thy foes.

*Sav.* Why, master Cola—

*Rie.* Say they are thy foes.

*Sav.* Art thou their friend? I have heard talk of  
wrongs

Thou hast suffered from the Ursini.

*Rie.* Ay, ay—

A trifle of a life—a foolish brother

Killed in a midnight brawl. Your privilege,

Your feudal privilege! ye slay our brethren,

And we—we kiss the sword. This Martin Ursini—

*Col.* What of the knavish ruffian?

*Rie.* Mend thy phrase—

Shall ne'er be senator,—yet mend thy phrase;

Bespeak him fair; ye may be friends.

*Col.* Friends?

*Rie.* Ay;

A day will come, when I shall see ye joined

In a close league.

*Col.* Joined! by what tie?

*Rie.* By hatred—

By danger—the two hands that tightest grasp

Each other—the two cords that soonest knit

A fast and stubborn tie: your true-love knot

Is nothing to it. Faugh! the supple touch

Of pliant interest, or the dust of time,

Or the pin-point of temper, loose, or rot,

Or snap love's silken band. Fear and old hate,

They are sure weavers—they work for the storm,

The whirlwind, and the rocking surge; their knot

Endures till death. Ye will be friends, I tell thee—

Ere yon inconstant moon hath waxed and waned,

Ye will be friends. Yet Martin Ursini

Shall ne'er be senator.

*Sav.* Why, master prophet,

Men say thou shalt be senator, or king,

Or emperor. Hast read the scroll? when goest thou

To head thy rebel band! See! see! [*Gives the Scroll.*

*Rie.* [*Reading.*] “*At midnight.*—”

Well, I come here to while away the time

Till that dread hour.—“*Upon the Capitol.*”—

Look that ye set forth scouts and men at arms  
To sieze the chiefs, and chase the multitude,  
Like sheep before the dogs. Ye were best send  
To man the castle walls, and triply guard.—  
Who is the captain of the watch?

*Sav.* Alberti.

*Rie.* Ha, mine old friend! I counsel ye, my lords,  
Seize me, and crush this great rebellion; me,  
Cola Rienzi, honest Cola! Laugh ye?  
An honest man hath played the rogue, ere now,—  
Witness this scroll.

*Col.* A scurvy jest!

*Rie.* A jest!

Call it a jest, and 'tis a mockery  
Of all that, in this worn-out world, survives  
Of great and glorious.—The eternal power  
Lodged in the will of man, the hallowed names  
Of freedom and of country!—If a truth—

[Crosses to c.]

*Lady C. (R.)* What, if a truth?

*Rie.* Then—Where is Angelo, [Crossing to Lady C.  
Thy goodly son, Madonna?

*Col.* Dost thou seek

A full-fledged gallant, and so gayly plumed,  
Here, in his parent nest? If thou wouldst meet  
The rover, go where Mandolines are heard,  
Beneath coy beauty's lattice. Count Savelli  
Has a fair daughter.

*Caf.* I have heard him praise  
Bianca Ursini.

*Col.* An Ursini!

*Lady C.* Calm thee, Colonna. Rest thee sure thy son  
Will never stain thy honour'd name—will never  
Forget his proud obedience.

*Rie.* Say'st thou so?

*Lady C.* With a glad certainty.

*Rie.* Look to him, then.—

Yet, watch him as thou may, against thy will  
He shall espouse the fairest maid in Rome;  
The fairest and the greatest.

*Sav.* And as good

As she is great, and innocent as fair?

*Rie.* Even to the crowning of a poet's dream;  
Gentle, and beautiful, and good.—Yet, mark me—  
Against thy will! I said against thy will! [Exit, L.]



*Lady C.* [*Crossing to L.*] Hear'st thou? [*Calling after Rienzi.*] He's gone?

*Sav.* Dear lady, think no more  
Of this wild prophecy.

*Lady C.* Nay, I'm sure  
Of Angelo. Why dost thou seek thy sword?  
Thou goest not forth so late, good husband?

*Col.* Yes:  
The night is fair,—I shall take horse at once  
For Palestrina; thence to Avignon.  
We'll bide some struggle with these Ursini.  
Will ye ride with me, kinsmen?

*Caf.* Joyfully.

*Lady C.* I'll wait ye to the court.—Yet, once again,  
Beware Rienzi! [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the Gates of the Capitol.—The Stage darkened.*

ALBERTI, PAOLO, Citizens, &c., Crowd in the background.

*First Cit.* (R.) This is the chosen spot. A brave assemblage!

*Second Cit.* (R. c.) Why, yes. No marvel that  
Rienzi struck

So bold a blow. I had heard shrewd reports  
Of heats, and discontents, and gathering bands,  
But never dream'd of Cola.

*Pao.* (R.) 'Tis the spot!  
Where loiters he? The night wears on apace.

*Alb.* (c.) It is not yet the hour.

*First Cit.* Who speaks?

*Another Cit.* Alberti,  
The captain of the guard; he, and his soldiers,  
Have joined our faction.

*Alb.* Comrades, we shall gain  
An easy victory. The Ursini,  
Drunk with false hope and brute debauch, feast high  
Within their palace. Never wore emprise  
A fairer face.

*Pao.* And yet the summer heaven,  
Sky, moon, and stars, are overcast. The saints  
Send that this darkness——

*Enter RIENZI from the back, c.*

*Rie.* [*Advancing to the front.*] Darkness! did ye never



Watch the dark glooming of the thunder-cloud,  
Ere the storm burst? We'll light this darkness, sir,  
With the brave flash of spear and sword.

*All the Citizens shout.* Rienzi!

Live, brave Rienzi! honest Cola!

*Rie.* Friends!

*Citizens.* Long live Rienzi!

*Alb.* Listen to him.

*Rie.* Friends,

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well  
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!  
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights  
A race of slaves!—He sits, and his last beam  
Falls on a slave: not such as, swept along  
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led  
To crimson glory and undying fame;  
But base ignoble slaves,—slaves to a horde  
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords  
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,—  
Strong in some hundred spearmen,—only great  
In that strange spell—a name. Each hour, dark fraud,  
Or open rapine, or protected murder,  
Cry out against them. But this very day,  
An honest man, my neighbour,—[*Pointing to Paolo, R.*  
*corner.*—there he stands,—

Was struck,—struck like a dog, by one who wore  
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,  
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,  
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,  
At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,  
And suffer such dishonour? Men, and wash not  
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common:  
I have known deeper wrongs. I that speak to ye,  
“I had a brother once, a gracious boy,  
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,—  
Of sweet and quiet joy—there was the look  
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give  
To the beloved disciple.” How I loved  
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,  
Brother at once and son! “He left my side;  
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks,—a smile  
Parting his innocent lips.” In one short hour  
The pretty harmless boy was slain! I saw  
The corse, the mangled corse, and when I cried  
For vengeance!—Rouse, ye Romans!—Rouse, ye slaves!

Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce brawl  
 To see them die. Have ye fair daughters?—Look  
 To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,  
 Dishonoured; and, if ye dare call for justice,  
 Be answered by the lash. Yet, this is Rome,  
 That sate on her seven hills, and from her throne  
 Of beauty ruled the world! Yet, we are Romans.  
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman  
 Was greater than a king! And once again,—  
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread  
 Of either Brutus! once again, I swear,  
 The eternal city shall be free; her sons  
 Shall walk with princes. Ere to-morrow's dawn,  
 The tyrants—

*First Cit.* Hush! Who passes there?

[*Citizens retire back.*]

*Alb.* A foe,  
 By his proud bearing. Seize him.

*Rie.* As I deem,  
 'Tis Angelo Colonna. Touch him not,—  
 I would hold parley with him. Good Alberti,  
 The hour is nigh. Away! [*Exit Alberti, R. U. E.*]

*Enter ANGELO COLONNA, L.*

Now, sir! [*To Angelo.*]

*Ang. (L.)* What be ye,  
 That thus in stern and watchful mystery  
 Cluster beneath the veil of night, and start  
 To hear a stranger's foot?

*Rie.* Romans.

*Ang.* And wherefore  
 Meet ye, my countrymen?

*Rie.* For freedom.

*Ang.* Surely,  
 Thou art Cola de Rienzi?

*Rie.* Ay, the voice,—  
 The traitor voice.

*Ang.* I knew thee by the words.  
 Who, save thyself, in this bad age, when man  
 Lies prostrate like yon temple, dared conjoin  
 The sounds of Rome and freedom?

*Rie.* I shall teach  
 The world to blend those words, as in the days  
 Before the Cæsars. Thou shalt be the first

To hail the union. I have seen thee hang  
On tales of the world's mistress, till thine eyes  
Flooded with strong emotion, have let fall  
Big tear-drops on thy cheeks, and thy young hand  
Hath clenched thy maiden sword. Unsheathe it now,—  
Now, at thy country's call! What, dost thou pause?  
Is the flame quenched? Dost falter? Hence with thee,  
Pass on! pass whilst thou may!

*Ang.* Hear me, Rienzi.

Even now my spirit leaps up at the thought  
Of those brave storied days—a treasury  
Of matchless visions, bright and glorified,  
Paling the dim lights of this darkling world  
With the golden blaze of heaven; but past and gone,  
As clouds of yesterday, as last night's dream.

*Rie.* A dream! Dost see yon phalanx, still and stern?

An hundred leaders, each with such a band,  
So armed, so resolute, so fixed in will,  
Wait with suppressed impatience till they hear  
The great bell of the Capitol, to spring  
At once on their proud foes. Join them.

*Ang.* My father!

*Rie.* Already he hath quitted Rome.

*Ang.* My kinsmen!

*Rie.* We are too strong for contest. Thou shalt see  
No other change within our peaceful streets  
Than that of slaves to freemen. Such a change  
As is the silent step from night to day,  
From darkness into light. We talk too long.

*Ang.* Yet reason with them;—warn them.

*Rie.* And their answer—

Will be the goal, the gibbet, or the axe,  
The keen retort of power. Why, I have reasoned;  
And, but that I am held, amongst your great ones,  
Half madman and half fool, these bones of mine  
Had whitened on yon wall. Warn them! They met  
At every step dark warnings. The pure air,  
Where'er they passed, was heavy with the weight  
Of sullen silence; friend met friend, nor smiled,  
Till the last footfall of the tyrant's steed  
Had died upon the ear; and low and hoarse  
Hatred came murmuring like the deep voice  
Of the wind before the tempest. Sir, the boys,—  
The unfledged boys, march at their mothers' hist,

Beside their grandsires ; even the girls of Rome,—  
 The gentle and the delicate, array  
 Their lovers in this cause. I have one yonder,  
 Claudia Rienzi,—thou hast seen the maid—  
 A silly trembler, a slight fragile toy,  
 As ever nursed a dove, or reared a flower,—  
 Yet she, even she, is pledged.

*Ang.* To whom ? to whom ?

*Rie.* To Liberty. Was never virgin vowed  
 In the fair temple over right our house  
 To serve the goddess, Vesta, as my child  
 Is dedicate to Freedom. A king's son  
 Might kneel in vain for Claudia. None shall wed her,  
 Save a true champion of the cause.

*Ang.* I'll join ye: [Gives his hand to Rienzi.  
 How shall I swear ?

*Rie.* [To the People.] Friends, comrades, countrymen !  
 I bring unhopèd-for aid. Young Angelo,  
 The immediate heir of the Colonna, craves  
 To join your band.

*All the Citizens shout*—He's welcome !

[Coming forward R. and L.]

*Ang.* Hear me swear  
 By Rome—by freedom—by Rienzi ! Comrades,  
 How have ye titled your deliverer ? consul—  
 Dictator, emperor ?

*The People shout*—Consul ! Emperor ! &c. &c.

*Rie.* No :

Those names have been so often steeped in blood,  
 So shamed by folly, so profaned by sin,  
 The sound seems ominous,—I'll none of them.  
 Call me the tribune of the people ; there  
 My honouring duty lies.

[The Citizens shout—Hail to our Tribune ! The bell  
 sounds thrice : shouts again ; and a military band is  
 heard playing a march without, R. U. E.]

Hark—the bell, the bell !

The knell of tyranny—the mighty voice,  
 That, to the city and the plain—to earth,  
 And listening heaven, proclaims the glorious tale  
 Of Rome re-born, and Freedom. See, the clouds  
 Are swept away, and the moon's boat of light  
 Sails in the clear blue sky, and million stars  
 Look out on us, and smile.

[*The gate of the Capitol opens, C. F., and Alberti and Soldiers join the People, and lay the keys at Rienzi's feet.*

Hark! that great voice  
Hath broke our bondage. Look, without a stroke  
The Capitol is won—the gates unfold—  
The keys are at our feet. Alberti, friend,  
How shall I pay thy service? Citizens!  
First to possess the palace citadel—  
The famous strength of Rome; then to sweep on,  
Triumphant, through her streets.

[*As Rienzi and the People are entering the Capitol, he pauses.*

Oh, glorious wreck  
Of gods and Cæsars! thou shalt reign again,  
Queen of the world; and I—come on, come on,  
My people!

*Citizens* Live Rienzi—live our Tribune!

[*Exeunt through the gates, in the centre of the flat, into the Capitol.*

END OF ACT II.

---

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Outside of a Court of Justice, R., a Crowd round the Gates—Persons descending the Steps from time to time.*

*Enter PAOLO and the FIRST CITIZEN, L., meeting the SECOND CITIZEN, who advances to them from the Steps.*

*Pao.* [*To the Second Cit., R.*] How goes the trial?  
*Second Cit. (C.)* Bravely.

*Pao.* [*To the First Cit. in front.*] A good day!  
Good neighbour, thou'rt a stranger.

*First Cit. (L.)* I have been  
Away from Rome, good Paolo, since the day  
Of our deliverance, when Rienzi punished  
A servant of the Ursini, for striking  
Thy bonnet from thy head.

*Pao.* And now thou find'st  
This same Rienzi in a way to punish  
The master.



*First Cit.* Martin Ursini?

*Pao.* The tribune  
Now sits in judgment on him.

*First Cit.* Wherefore?

*Second Cit.* Sir,  
For a breach of the new law—the mighty plunder  
Of a vast wreck, an argosy—a booty  
To tempt an emperor.

*First Cit.* Martin Ursini!  
Almost our senator! The fearful head  
Of the fearfullest name of Rome.

*Pao.* Ay, he is like.—[*To Cit. passing from the Hall, R.*  
How goes the trial?

*Third Cit.* Well. [Crosses, L., and exit.

*Pao.* Is like to swing  
From a gibbet in the Forum.

*First Cit.* Will he dare?

*Second Cit.* Dare! why thou saw'st his spirit: now  
his power

Matches his will; and never lineal prince  
Sate firmer on his throne, or lightlier swayed  
The reins of empire. He hath swept away  
The oppressors and extortioners—hath gained  
Kingly allies—hath reconciled the pope—  
Hath quelled the barons.

*First Cit.* Ay, I rode to Rome  
With a follower of Colonna. Angelo  
Hath won his father to submission.

[*Shouts within the court—Persons come rapidly out.*

*Pao.* [To a Citizen, passing.] Hark!  
The prisoner is condemned.

*Fourth Cit.* He is. Rienzi  
Heard him with a grave patience; almost leaning  
To mercy. But the fact was flagrant.

[*Persons passing from the Court of Justice over the  
Stage.*

*First Cit.* Hark!  
Another shout. Where go ye?

*Fifth Cit.* To the Forum,  
To wait the execution.

*Enter RIENZI, attended; and followed by URSINI, FRAN-  
GIPANI, and other Nobles, R. U. E.*

*Second Cit.* Ha, the Tribune!  
And the great prisoner's kindred.



*Citizens.* Live Rienzi!  
Live our just Tribune.

[*All shout when Rienzi is in the front.*

*Urs.* (R. C.) Good my lord, beseech ye—

*Rie.* (C.) Ye plead in vain.

*Urs.* Yet hear me.—Force me not  
To appeal against thy sentence.

*Rie.* Ay! To whom?

There stand my judges, lords, and yours: the people,  
The free and honest people! Seek of them  
If I hold even the scales of justice.

*Citizens.* Live  
Our Tribune! our just Tribune.

[*Shout—Exit, L., with Citizens.*

*Fra.* (R.) Follow not,  
But seek Lord Angelo: he hath a power  
Over this haughty despot.

*Urs.* (C.) Gods! what tyranny  
Men will endure in freedom's name. Yes, yes!

Lord Angelo! my foeman though he be,  
His old hereditary pride will rise  
Against this churl's base purpose. If his power—

*Fra.* The daughter! Claudia! Quick to seek Co-  
lonna;

The Tribune holds his court at noon. Quick! Quick!  
[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Capitol.—A couch, c.*

*Enter CLAUDIA, BERTA, TERESA, and ROSA.—All but  
Claudia embroidering, &c.*

*Ter.* (R. C.) Sweet lady, why so sad?

*Cla.* (C.) I know not.

*Ber.* Try

Yon emerald carcanet, or let me braid  
These pearls in thy long tresses.

*Ter.* She affects not  
Such glittering baubles; rather sing to her  
One of thy songs from the cold north.

*Rosa.* Shall Berta  
Sing to thee, lady.

*Cla.* Yes, I care not. [*Goes to the couch, c., and sits.*

*Ter.* Sing.

## SONG.—BERTA.

The red rose is queen of the garden bower,  
 That glows in the sun at noon ;  
 And the lady lily's the fairest flower  
 That swings her white bells in the breeze of June ;  
 But they who come 'mid frost and flood,  
 Peeping from bank, or root of tree,  
 The primrose and the violet bud,—  
 They are the dearest flowers to me.

The nightingale's is the sweetest song  
 That ever the rose hath heard ;  
 And when the lark sings, the white clouds among,  
 The lily looks up to the heavenly bird :  
 But the robin, with his eye of jet,  
 Who pipes from the bare boughs merrily,  
 To the primrose pale and the violet,—  
 His is the dearest song to me.

*Ter.* Didst like the strain ?

*Cla.* There's a deep wisdom in it :

The lowly blossom, and the wintery friend,  
 They are the dearest. I'm set i'the sun  
 To wither.

*Rosa.* She is sad again. Wouldst hear  
 A merry story, lady ? “ Or a tale of murder to divert  
 thee ? ”

*Ber.* Or a legend  
 Fresh from the Holy Land ?

*Enter RIENZI, L:*

*Ter.* The Tribune ! *[Claudia rises hastily.*

*Rie.* Leave us. *[The ladies rise to go out, R.*

“ Claudia—nay, start not ! Thou art sad to-day ;  
 I found thee sitting idly, 'midst thy maids—  
 A pretty, laughing, restless band, who plied  
 Quick tongue and nimble finger.” Mute, and pale  
 As marble, those unseeing eyes were fixed  
 On vacant air ; and that fair brow was bent  
 As sternly as if the rude stranger, Thought,  
 Age-giving, mirth-destroying, pitiless Thought,  
 Had knocked at thy young giddy brain.

*Cla.* (R. c.) Nay, father,  
 Mock not thine own poor Claudia.

*Rie.* Claudia used

To bear a merry heart, with that clear voice,  
Prattling ; and that light busy foot, a stir  
In her small housewifery, the blithest bee  
That ever wrought in hive.

*Cla.* Oh ! mine old home !

*Rie.* What ails thee, lady-bird ?

*Cla.* Mine own dear home !

Father, I love not this new state ; these halls,  
Where comfort dies in vastness ; these trim maids,  
Whose service wearies me. Oh ! mine old home !  
My quiet, pleasant chamber, with the myrtle  
Woven round the casement ; and the cedar by,  
Shading the sun ; my garden overgrown  
With flowers and herbs, thick-set as grass in fields ;  
My pretty snow-white doves ; my kindest nurse ;  
And old Camillo.—Oh ! mine own dear home !

*Rie.* Why, simple child, thou hast thine old fond  
nurse,

And good Camillo, and shalt have thy doves,  
Thy myrtles, flowers, and cedars ; a whole province  
“ Laid in a garden, an’ thou wilt. My Claudia,  
Hast thou not learnt thy power ? Ask orient gems,  
Diamonds, and sapphires, in rich caskets, wrought  
By cunning goldsmiths ; sigh for rarest birds,  
Of farthest Ind, like winged flowers, to flit  
Around thy stately bower ; and, at thy wish,  
The precious toys shall wait thee.” Old Camillo !  
Thou shalt have nobler servants,—emperors, kings,  
Electors, princes ! not a bachelor  
In Christendom but would right proudly kneel,  
To my fair daughter.

*Cla.* Oh ! mine own dear home !

*Rie.* Wilt have a list to choose from ? Listen, sweet !  
If the tall cedar, and the branchy myrtle,  
And the white doves, were tell-tales, I would ask them  
Whose was the shadow on the sunny wall ?  
And if, at eventide, they heard not oft  
A tuneful mandoline, and then a voice,  
Clear in its manly depth, whose tide of song  
O’erwhelmed the quivering instrument ; and then  
A world of whispers, mixed with low response,  
Sweet, short, and broken, as divided strains  
Of nightingales.

*Cla.* Oh, father ! father !

*Rie.* Well!  
Do'st love him, Claudia?

*Cla.* Father!

*Rie.* Do'st thou love  
Young Angelo? Yes? Saidst thou yes? That heart—  
That throbbing heart of thine, keeps such a coil,  
I cannot hear thy words. He is returned  
To Rome; he left thee on mine errand, dear one;  
And now—Is there no casement-myrtle wreathed,  
No cedar in our courts, to shade to-night  
The lover's song?

*Cla.* Oh, father! father!

*Rie.* Now,  
Back to thy maidens, with a lightened heart,  
Mine own beloved child. Thou shalt be first  
In Rome, as thou art fairest; never princess  
Brought to the proud Colonna such a dower  
As thou. Young Angelo hath chosen his mate  
From out an eagle's nest.

*Cla.* Alas! alas!  
I tremble at the height. Whene'er I think  
Of the hot barons, of the fickle people,  
And the inconstancy of power, I tremble  
For thee, dear father.

*Rie.* Tremble! Let them tremble.  
I am their master, Claudia, whom they scorned,  
Endured, protected.—Sweet, go dream of love.  
I am their master, Claudia. [*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE III.—*A Magnificent Hall in the Capitol.*

*Enter* COLONNA, R., URSINI, FRANGIPANI, CAFARELLO,  
*the Nuncio, an Ambassador, Nobles, &c., R. and L.*

*Col.* (R.) Gibbet and cord! a base plebeian death!  
And he the head of the great Roman name,  
That rivalled the Colonna! Ursini,  
Thy brother shall not die. The grief is thine,  
The shame is general. How say ye, barons?

*Urs.* If ye resist, ye share his doom. Plead! plead!  
Dissemble with the tyrant,—stifle hate,  
And master scorn, as I have done. Plead for him.

*Col.* To Cola! Can I frame my speech to sue

To Cola—most familiar of the drones  
That thronged my hall of afternoons, content  
To sit below the salt, and bear all jests,—  
The retinue and pest of greatness. Sue  
To Cola!

*Urs. (c.)* Fear not, but revenge will come,  
We being friends, from whose dissension sprang  
The usurper's strength. An hour will come.

*Enter ANGELO, L.*

Lord Angelo,  
Thou wilt not fail us.

*Ang.* Surely, no! 'tis stern, *[Goes up to Ursini.]*  
Revengeful, cruel, pitiless! The people—  
To soothe the fickle people—yet he's wiser:  
He'll be persuaded.

*Fra.* He approaches.

*[Music without, R.]*

*Col.* What!  
Ushered with music as a king.

*Enter RIENZI, R., attended.*

*Rie. (R.)* Why, this  
Is well, my lords, this full assemblage. Now  
The chief of Rome stands fitly girt with names  
Strong as their towers around him. Fall not off,  
And we shall be impregnable. *[Advancing up the Room.]*  
Lord Nuncio,  
I should have asked thy blessing. I have sent  
Our missions to the pontiff. Count Savelli, *(L.)*  
My lord ambassador, I crave your pardon.  
What news from Venice, the sea-queen? Savelli,  
I have a little maiden who must know  
Thy fairest daughter. Angelo, colonna,  
A double welcome! Rome lacked half her state  
Wanting her princely Columns.

*Col. (R.)* Sir, I come  
A suitor to thee.—Martin Ursini—

*Rie. (c.)* When last his name was on thy lips.—Well,  
sir,  
Thy suit, thy suit! If pardon, take at once  
My answer.—No.

*[Crosses to Angelo, in R. corner.—Colonna goes up.]*

*Ang.* Yet, mercy—

*Rie.* Angelo,



Waste not thy pleadings on a desperate cause  
And a resolved spirit. She awaits thee.

Haste to that fairer court.

[*Exit Angelo, R.*]

My Lord Colonna,

This is a needful justice.

*Col. (R.)* Noble Tribune,

It is a crime which custom—

*Rie.* Ay, the law

Of the strong against the weak—your law, the law  
Of the sword and spear. But, gentles, ye live now

Under the good estate.

[*Crossing to c.*]

*Sav.* He is noble.

*Rie.* Therefore,

A thousand times he dies. Ye are noble, sirs,  
And need a warning.

*Col.* Sick, almost to death.

*Rie.* Ye have less cause to grieve.

*Fra.* New-wedded.

*Rie.* Ay,

Madonna Laura is a blooming dame,  
And will become her weeds.

*Caf.* Remember, Tribune,

He hath two uncles, cardinals. Wouldst outrage  
The sacred college?

*Rie.* The lord cardinals,

Meek, pious, lowly men, and loving virtue,  
Will render thanks to him who wipes a blot  
So flagrant from their name.

*Col. (R.)* An Ursini!

Head of the Ursini!

*Urs.* Mine only brother!

[*Crossing to Rienzi.*]

*Rie.* And darest talk thou to me of brothers? Thou,  
Whose groom—wouldst have me break my own just  
laws,

To save thy brother? thine! Hast thou forgotten

When that most beautiful and blameless boy,

The prettiest piece of innocence that ever

Breath'd in this sinful world, lay at thy feet,

Slain by thy pampered minion, and I knelt

Before thee for redress, whilst thou—didst never

Hear talk of retribution? This is justice,

Pure justice, not revenge!—Mark well, my lords,—

Pure equal justice. Martin Ursini

Had open trial, is guilty, is condemned,

And he shall die!

*Col.* Yet listen to us——

*Rie.* Lords,

If ye could range before me all the peers,  
Prelates, and potentates of Christendom,—  
The holy pontiff kneeling at my knee,  
And emperors crouching at my feet, to sue  
For this great robber, still I should be blind  
As justice. But this very day a wife,  
One infant hanging at her breast, and two,  
Scarce bigger, first-born twins of misery,  
Clinging to the poor rags that scarcely hid  
Her squalid form, grasped at my bridle-rein  
To beg her husband's life; condemned to die  
For some vile petty theft, some paltry scudi:  
And, whilst the fiery war-horse chaf'd and seared,  
Shaking his crest, and plunging to get free,  
There, midst the dangerous coil, unmov'd, she stood,  
Pleading in piercing words, the very cry  
Of nature! And, when I at last said no—  
For I said no to her—she flung herself  
And those poor innocent babes between the stones  
And my hot Arab's hoofs. We sav'd them all,—  
Thank heaven, we saved them all! but I said no  
To that sad woman, midst her shrieks. Ye dare not  
Ask me for mercy now.

*Sav.* Yet he is noble!

Let him not die a felon's death:

*Rie.* Again,

Ye weary me: No more of this. Colonna,  
Thy son loves my fair daughter. 'Tis an union,  
However my young Claudia might have graced  
A monarch's side, that augurs hopefully—  
Bliss to the wedded pair, and peace to Rome,  
“And it shall be accomplished. Good my lords,  
I bid ye to the bridal; one and all,  
I bid ye to the bridal feast. And now  
A fair good morrow!

[*Exit Rienzi, R., attended by Nuncio, Ambassador and  
other Lords, &c.*

*Sav.* Hath stern destiny  
Clothed him in this man's shape, that, in a breath,  
He deals out death and marriage? Ursini!  
Colonna! be ye stunned?

*Col.* I'll follow him!

Tyrant ! usurper ! base-born churl ! to deem  
That son of mine——

*Urs. (c.)* Submit, as I have done,  
For vengeance. From our grief and shame shall spring  
A second retribution ; and this banquet,—  
This nuptial banquet, this triumphal hour,  
Shall be the very scene of our revenge !  
I may not loiter here. The fatal moment  
Of our disgrace is nigh.—Ere evening close,  
I'll seek thee at thy palace. Seem to yield,  
And victory is sure.

*Col.* I'll take thy counsel.

[*Exeunt Colonna, R., the rest, L.*]

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Capitol—a Chair of State,  
L. S. E.—The Tribune's Crimson Chair, elevated on two  
Steps, R. S. E.—a splendid Banquet, Lords and Ladies  
seated round the Tables, up the c.*

*Enter SAVELLI, FRANGIPANI, and CAFARELLO, L., who  
advance to the front—CAMILLO and other Attendants in  
the background, R.*

*Sav.* He bears him like a prince, save that he lacks  
The port serene of majesty. His mood  
Is fitful ; stately now, and sad ; anon,  
Full of a hurried mirth ; courteous awhile,  
And mild ; then bursting, on a sudden, forth,  
Into sharp biting taunts.

*Fra. (c.)* And at the altar,  
When he first found the proud and angry mother  
Refused to grace the nuptials, even the nuncio  
Quailed at his fiery threats.

*Caf. (L. c.)* I saw Colonna  
Gnawing his lip for wrath.

*Sav. (R. c.)* Why, this new power  
Mounts to the brain like wine. For such disease,  
Your skilful leech lets blood.

*Fra. (c.)* Suspects he aught  
Of our design ? we hunt a subtle quarry.

*Sav.* But with a wilier huntsman.

*Enter URSINI, L.*

Ursini,  
Hath every point been guarded? be the masquers  
Valiant and strongly armed? have ye ta'en order  
To close the gates—to seize his train—to cut  
The cordage of the bell, that none may summon  
The people to his rescue?

*Urs.* All is cared for,  
And vengeance certain. Before set of sun,  
We shall be masters of ourselves, of Rome,  
And Rome's proud ruler. This quaint masque of ours—

*Caf.* What is the watchword?

*Urs.* Death.

*Fra.* Peace, peace—he comes!

*[Frangipani, Cafarello, and Savelli, retire up, L.]*

*Enter ANGELO, CLAUDIA, and Ladies, R.—As Angelo leads in Claudia, followed by two Ladies, all the visitors to the banquet rise, and courtesy to Claudia, who returns it, and remains conversing with the Ladies.*

*Fra.* No, 'tis the blooming bride. Young Angelo  
Hath no ill choice in beauty.

*Sav.* 'Tis a maid  
Shy as a ring-dove. See, how delicate,  
How gentle, yet how coy! Poor pretty fool,  
No harm must happen her.

*Urs.* None, none. *[Angelo advances to them.]*

*Caf.* *[To Angelo.]* Good kinsman,  
I would not have thee hear Savelli speak  
Of thy fair bride.

*Ang.* Ah! doth he praise her? Lords,  
Beseech ye sit. *[Lords and Ladies sit down.]* Savelli, I  
would fain

Make of thy daughter and my blushing wife  
A pair of lovely friends. Look where they stand,  
The fairest two in Rome.

*Fra.* The Tribune comes.

*Enter RIENZI, R., and COLONNA, L.*

*Rie.* Where lags our hostess? Take thy state, fair  
bride—

“Thy one day's queenship. See, the nuptial wreath



Sits crown-like on thy brow ; thy nuptial robe  
Flows royally. Come, come, be gracious ! Bid  
A smiling welcome to the subject world.  
Nay, never blush nor hang thy head ;" remember  
Thou art a Colonna. Wouldst thou be the first  
Of that proud name to ape the peasant's virtue,  
Humility ? Fie ! fie !

*Col. (L.)* Sir, the Colonna—

*Ang. (C.)* Nay, good my father, sure to-day our name  
Hath cause of pride.

*Col.* Heaven grant it prove so !

*Sav. Lady,*

Thou art silent still."

*Ang.* Shall I speak for thee, love ?

Oh, weak and ineffectual were my words,  
Matched with thy burning blush, thy quivering smile,  
Thy conscious silence, Claudia !—Gentle friends,  
Ye are nobly welcome.

*Rie. (R.)* This is well, fair son !

Yet we lack mirth. Have ye no mask astir ?  
No dance, no music, no quaint mystery,  
To drive away the spectre, thought ? A bridal  
Is but a gilt and painted funeral  
To the fond father who hath yielded up  
His one sweet child. Claudia, thy love, thy duty,  
Thy very name, is gone. Thou art another's ;  
Thou hast a master now ; and I have thrown  
My precious pearl away. Yet men who give  
A living daughter to the fickle will  
Of a capricious bridegroom, laugh—the madmen !  
Laugh at the jocund bridal feast, and weep  
When the fair corse is laid in blessed rest,  
Deep, deep in mother earth. Oh, happier far,  
So to have lost my child !

*Cl. (L. C.)* Father !

*Ang. (R. C.)* Thou hast gained  
A son, not lost a daughter.

*Rie. (C.)* Love her, Angelo ;  
Be kind to her as I have been ; defend her,  
Cherish her, love her.

*Ang.* More than life.

[*Hands Claudia to the throne, L., and sits by her.*]

*Rie.* Bring mirth—

Music, and dance, and song, and I will laugh,



And chase away these images of death  
That float afore mine eyes. A song—a song!

[*Sits down in the Chair of State, R.*

*Sav.* [*To Ursini.*] Thou shouldst have named the  
masque.

*Urs.* [*To Savelli.*] Better anon.

SONG.

Hail to the gentle bride! the dove  
High nested in the column's crest!  
Oh, welcome as the bird of love  
Who bore the olive-sign of rest!

*Cho.* Hail to the bride!

Hail to the gentle bride! the flower  
Whose garlands round the column twine!  
Oh, fairer than the citron bower!  
More fragrant than the blossom'd vine!

*Cho.* Hail to the bride!

Hail to the gentle bride! the star  
Whose radiance o'er the column beams!  
Oh, soft as moonlight, seen afar,  
A silver shine on trembling streams!

*Cho.* Hail to the bride!

*Rie.* A pleasant strain!

[*A Citizen rushes from amongst the Attendants, and  
presents a paper to Rienzi.*]

What wouldst thou, friend?

*Cit.* [*Gives a paper to Rienzi.*] May it please thee  
To read this scroll, great Tribune.

*Urs.* [*To Colonna.*] Can the doemon  
To whom his soul is pledged have ta'en this way  
To show our secret?—No, he smiles! he smiles!  
His hand shakes not!—I breathe again.

*Rie.* [*To Citizen.*] Fair sir,  
All thou hast asked is granted. [*Exit Citizen, L.*  
'Tis no day

To frown on a petition. Mirth, my lords,—  
Bring Mirth! I brook no pause of revelry.  
Have ye no masque?

*Sav.* [*To Ursini.*] He rushes in the toils;  
Now weave the meshes round him.

*Urs.* Sooth, my lord,  
We had plotted to surprise the gentle bride  
With a slight dance,—a toy, an antic.

*Rie.* Ay,  
And when?

*Urs.* Soon as the bell tolled four, the masquers were  
bid to enter.

*Rie.* Four? And how attired?

*Urs.* Turban'd and rob'd, and with swart visages,  
A troop of lusty Moors.

*Rie.* Camillo, hark!—Admit these revellers;  
Mark me.—

[*Gives orders in a low voice to Camillo, and also the paper  
which he has just received from the Citizen.*]

*Urs.* [*Aside.*] Now, vengeance, thou art mine!

*Rie.* Wine—wine! [*To an Attendant.*]

Fill me a goblet high with sparkling wine!

[*The Attendant fills a goblet, and presents it to Rienzi.*]

Fill high, my noble guests. Claudia Rienzi,  
And Angelo Colonna! Bless'd be they  
And we in their fair union! Doubly curs'd  
Who'er in wish or thought would loose that tie  
The bond of peace to Rome! Drink, good my lords,  
Fill high the mantling wine, and in the bowl  
Be all unkindness buried!

*Urs.* Heartily

We pledge you, noble Tribune. [*All rise, except Colonna.*]

*Rie.* Why, Colonna!

Brother!—[*Colonna rises.*] He startles at the word.  
He eyes

The cup as it were poisoned. Dost thou think  
We've drugged the draught? I'll be thy taster.—  
Drink!

The wine is honest—we're no traitors!

*Urs.* Drink!

I pr'ythee, drink!

*Col.* Health to the gentle bride! [*Drinks.*]

Health to my children!

*Rie.* This is fatherly;

Noble Colonna, this is princely. Now,  
If any scorn thee, Claudia, say Colonna,  
Whose word is truth, hailed thee his child. [*Rises.*]

*Cla.* My lords

And kinsmen all, if a poor simple maid,  
And yet Rienzi's daughter, so may dare  
To call ye, take my thanks. On every head  
Be every fair wish trebled. Gentle friends—

[*Rises to go, attended by Angelo, and followed by  
the Ladies.*]

*Rie.* (R. C.) Wilt thou not wait the masque?

[*Exeunt Claudia, Angelo, and Ladies, R.*

Thou wilt not.—Well!

We must carouse the deeper. “Hark, Francesco!  
Go bid the fountains, from their marble mouths,  
Pour the rich juice of the Sicilian grape,  
A flood of molten rubies, that our kind  
And drouthy fellow-citizens may chorus  
Hail to the gentle bride. I would fain bid  
Old Tyber flow with wine.” Another cup—  
To thee and thine, Colonna! fill the bowl,  
Higher and higher! Let the phantom, fear,—  
And doubt, that haunts sound princes,—and suspicion,  
That broods a harpy o’er the banquet,—flee  
Down to the uttermost depths of hell. A health  
To thee and thine, Colonna!

*Urs.* Of what doubt  
Speaks our great Tribune?

*Rie.* A fit tale of mirth,  
To crown the goblet!

*Enter THE MASQUERS at different sides.*

Doubt!—Spake I of doubt?  
Fear!—Said I fear?—So fenced around by friends,  
Allies, and kinsmen, what have I to fear  
From treason or from traitors?—Say yon band  
Were rebels, ye would guard me!—Call them murderers,  
Ye would avenge me.

*Urs.* Ay, by death.

*Rie.* And thou?

*Col.* By death!

*Rie.* Seize the foul traitors. Ye have passed

[*To the Masquers, who seize the Nobles, &c.*

Your own just sentence. Yield, my masters, yield!  
Your men are overpowered; your masquers chained;  
The courts are lined with guards, and at one stroke—  
One touch upon this bell, the strength of Rome,  
All that hath life within the walls, will rise  
To crush ye. Yield your swords. Do ye not shame  
To wear them?—Yield your swords.

*Re-enter ANGELO, R.*

*Ang.* Rienzi!

[*Then to one of the Guards, who seizes Colonna.*

Villain!

An thou but touch the Lord Colonna,—ay,

An thou but dare to lay thy ruffian hand  
Upon his garment—

*Rie.* Seize his sword.

*Ang.* Again !

Art frenetic, Rienzi ?

*Rie.* (R.) Seek of them.

*Ang.* (c.) Father, in mercy, speak ! Give me a cause ;  
And, though a legion hemmed thee in, thy son  
Should rescue thee. Speak but one word, dear father,  
Only one word ! Sure as I live, thou art guiltless ;  
Sure as the sun tracks his bright path in heaven,  
Thy course is pure.—Yet speak !

*Rie.* He is silent.

*Ang.* Speak.

*Rie.* Doth not that silence answer thee ? Look on them.  
Thou know'st them, Angelo :—the bold Savelli,  
The Frangipani, and the Ursini,—  
Ay, and the high Colonna ; well thou knowest  
Each proud and lofty visage ;—mark them, now :  
They should be signed as Cain of old, for Guilt—  
Detected, baffled, murderous Guilt, hath set  
His bloody hand upon them. Son, thou shudderest !  
Their tawny maskers should have slain me ; here,  
Before my daughter's eyes ; here, at thy bridal ;  
Here in my festive hour—the mutual cup  
Sparkling ; the mutual pledge half spoke ; the bread,  
Which we have broke together, unconsumed  
Upon the board ; joyful, and full of wine ;  
Sinful and unconfessed ;—so had I fallen ;  
And so—the word was death.—From their own lips  
Came their own righteous sentence—Death !

*Ang.* Oh, mercy !

Mercy !—Thou liv'st.—'Twas but the intent——

*Rie.* My death

Were nothing ; but, through me, the traitors struck  
At peace, at liberty, at Rome—my country,  
Bright and regenerate, the world's mistress once,  
And doomed, like the old fabled bird, to rise  
Strong from her ashes. Did ye think the people  
Could spare their Tribune ? Did ye deem them weary  
Of equal justice ; and mild law ; and freedom  
As liberal as the air ; and mighty fame,  
A more resplendant sun ? Sirs, I am guarded  
By the invisible shield of love, which blunts  
The darts of treachery. I cannot die,

Whilst Rome commands me, live. For ye, foul traitors,  
I pardon ye, and I despise ye.—Go!  
Ye are free.

*Ang.* [*To Rienzi.*] Oh, thanks, my father.

*Col.* Said he thanks?

Chains, bring me chains! such words from such a  
tongue

Were slavery worse than death.—Chains—chains—

*Rie.* Ye are free.

*Col.* Is the proud pillar of Colonna fallen,  
That base plebeian feet bestride its shaft?  
Is Ursini's strong bear muzzled and chained,  
That every cur—

*Sav.* Good cousin, pr'ythee peace;  
The Tribune means us fairly.

*Rie.* Still ye are free.—

Yet mark me, signors:—Tame your rebel bloods;  
Be faithful subjects to the good estate;  
Demolish your strong towers, which overtop  
Our beautiful city with barbarian pride,  
Loosing fell rapine, discord, and revenge,  
From out their dens accurs'd. Be quiet subjects,  
And ye shall find the state a gentle mistress—  
Else—

*Col.* Doth he threaten?

*Urs.* Hush! this is no time,—  
An hour will come—

*Rie.* What, do you mutter, traitors?  
Follow me instant to the Lateran.  
There, at the holy altar, with such rites,  
As to profane were sin more damnable  
Than treason ever dared, to offer up  
Your vowed allegiance to free'd Rome,—to me,  
Her servant, minister, deliverer,—me,  
Your master. Ye are free; but I will chain  
Your rebel souls with oaths. Follow me, sirs.  
[*Exeunt, R.*

## SCENE II.—*The Capitoline Hill.*

*Enter URSINI and FRANGIPANI, R.*

*Fra.* (c.) Nay, Ursini, why pluck me by the sleeve?  
Why steal from the procession?—Why awaken  
The tyrant's anger?



*Urs.* (R. c.) For revenge!—Ye are stunned,  
 Bewildered, as men rousing from a dream,  
 That know not where they stand. Dost thou not see  
 Our great revenge is sure? The tyrant walks  
 Blinded by his vain glory; confident  
 In that straw fetter, an extorted oath;  
 And we—Why are we not resolved? And be not  
 Our bold retainers waiting armed in proof,  
 Without the gates of Rome?—What, if to-night—

*Fra.* This very hour. Our tried and hardy band,  
 Led by the chivalry of Rome, could carry  
 The city at a charge; and Rome herself  
 Will rise against the madman.

*Urs.* Here comes one,  
 Whose name were worth a host. Didst thou not mark  
 How, stung by the sharp scorn Rienzi flung,  
 On proud Colonna, the young bridegroom broke  
 From his new father's side?

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Urs.* Lord Angelo,  
 A truant from this pageant?

*Ang.* (L.) As thou see'st.

*Urs.* Yet, thy good father, our great Tribune—

*Ang.* Sir,

I am a son of the Colonna.

[Crosses to R.]

*Urs.* Ay,

The heir of that most princely house; and, sir,  
 Fair though she be, a friend must frankly wish  
 She owned another sire.

*Ang.* (c.) No more!—no more!

*Enter SAVELLI and CAFARELLO, L.*

*Ang.* How pass'd the ceremonial, Count? Beseech thee,  
 Tell us of these new rites.

*Sav.* The noble train

Rolled smoothly on. Rienzi led the band  
 Right royally, sceptered and robed, and backing  
 A milk-white Arab, from whose eyeballs flashed  
 Quick gleams of glittering light. Colonna held  
 The bridle-rein.

*Ang.* Stephen Colonna!

*Sav.* Ay—

Thy father, sir. We meaner barons walked  
 Behind, bareheaded, and with folded arms,

As men doing penance to the holy shrine  
Of St. John Lateran. Then came a mummery  
Of oaths to that indefinite she, the State—  
Republic, sir, is out of date—and then—

*Caf.* (L. c.) Ay, tell that impious outrage.

*Sav.* Then Rienzi,

Stepping before the altar, his bold hand  
Laid on the consecrated Host, sent forth,  
In a full pealing voice, that rolled along  
The fretted roof, like the loud organ-swell,  
A rash and insolent summons to the Pope  
And Cardinals; next he cited to appear  
The imperial rivals, Charles and Lewis; next,  
The Electors Palatine. Then, whilst the aisles  
Of the hushed church prolonged his words, he drew  
His dazzling sword, and, waving the bright blade  
To the four points of Heaven, cried with a deep  
Intensity of will, that drove his words  
Like arrows through the brain,—“This, too, is mine.”  
Yes, to each part of this fair earth he cried,—  
“Thou, too, art mine.”

*Ang.* Madman! And ye—

*Sav.* We listened

In patience and in silence; whilst he stood  
His form dilating, and his haughty glance  
Instinct with fiery pride.

*Ang.* Now, by St. John,  
Had I been there, ye should have heard a voice  
Answer this frenzied summoner.

*Urs.* Our answer

Is yet unspoken. Angelo Colonna,  
If the old glories of thy princely race,  
Thy knightly honour, thy fresh-budding fame,  
Outshine the red and white of Claudia's cheek,  
Then—

*Ang.* Wherefore pause? I know thee, Ursini,—  
Rienzi's mortal foe, and scarce a friend  
To the Colonna;—yet, in honour's name—  
Say on!

*Rie.* [Without, L.] Lead home the steed. I'll walk  
from hence.

*Urs.* Meet me at the Colonna Palace. Fail not.

*Enter RIENZA, attended by COLONNA, and other Lords, L.*

*Rie.* (L.) Ah! he is here.—Son! Ye may leave us,  
lords,—

We are content with your good service.

Son, *[Exeunt all but Rienzi and Angelo, L.*  
Methinks this high solemnity might well  
Have claimed thy presence. A great ruler's heir  
Should be familiar in the people's eyes ;  
Live on their tongues ; take root within their hearts ;  
Win woman's smiles by honest courtesy,  
And force man's tardier praise by bold desert :  
So, when the chief shall die, the general love  
May hail his successor. But thou, where wast thou ?  
If with thy bride——

*Ang.* I have not seen her.—Tribune,—  
Thou wav'st away the word with such a scorn  
As I poured poison in thine ear.—Already  
Dost weary of the title ?

*Rie.* Wherefore should I ?

*Ang.* Thou art ambitious.

*Rie.* Granted.

*Ang.* And wouldst be  
A king.

*Rie.* There thou mistak'st.—A king ! fair son !  
Power dwelleth not in sound, and fame hath garlands  
Brighter than diadems. I might have been  
Anointed, sceptered, crowned, have cast a blaze  
Of glory round the old imperial wreath,  
The laurel of the Cæsars ; but I chose  
To master kings, not to be one ; “to direct  
The royal puppets as my sovereign will,  
And Rome—my Rome, decree.—Tribune ! the Gracchi  
Were called so.”—Tribune ! I will make that name  
A word of fear to kings.

*Ang.* Rienzi ! Tribune !

Hast thou forgotten, on this very spot,  
How thou didst shake the slumbering soul of Rome  
With the brave sound of freedom, till she rose,  
And from her giant limbs the shackles dropped,  
Burst by one mighty throe ? Hadst thou died then,  
History had crowned thee with a glorious title—  
Deliverer of thy country.

*Rie.* Well !

*Ang.* Alas ! when now thou fall'st, as fall thou must,  
'twill be

The common tale of low ambition.—Tyrants  
O'erthrown to form a wilder tyranny ;  
Princes cast down, that thy obscurer house  
May rise on nobler ruins.

*Rie.* Hast thou ended ?

I fain would have mistaken thee—hast done?

*Ang.* No ; for, despite thy smothered wrath, the voice  
Of warning truth shall reach thee. Thou to-day  
Hast, by thy frantic sacrilege, drawn on thee  
The thunders of the church, the mortal feud  
Of either emperor. Here, at home, the barons  
Hate, and the people shun thee. Seest thou not,  
Even in this noon of pride, thy waning power  
Fade, flicker, and wax dim. Thou art as one  
Perched on some lofty steeple's dizzy height,  
Dazzled by the sun, inebriate by long draughts  
Of thinner air ; too giddy to look down  
Where all his safety lies ; too proud to dare  
The long descent to the low depths from whence  
The desperate climber rose.

*Rie.* Ay, there's the sting,—  
That I, an insect of to-day, outsoar  
The reverend worm, nobility ! Wouldst shame me  
With my poor parentage !—Sir, I'm the son  
Of him who kept a sordid hostelry  
In the Jews' quarter ; my good mother cleansed  
Linen for honest hire.—Canst thou say worse ?

*Ang.* Can worse be said ?

*Rie.* (c.) Add, that my boasted schoolcraft  
Was gained from such base toil, gained with such pain  
That the nice nurture of the mind was oft,  
Stolen at the body's cost. I have gone dinnerless  
And supperless, the scoff of our poor street,  
For tattered vestments and lean hungry looks,  
To pay the pedagogue.—Add what thou wilt  
Of injury. Say that, grown into man,  
I've known the pittance of the hospital,  
And, more degrading still, the patronage  
Of the Colonna. Of the tallest trees  
The roots delve deepest. Yes, I've trod thy halls,  
Scorned and derided midst their ribald crew,  
A licensed jester, save the cap and bells :  
I have borne this—and I have borne the death,  
The unavenged death, of a dear brother.  
I seemed I was a base ignoble slave.  
What am I ?—Peace, I say !—what am I now ?  
Head of this great republic, chief of Rome ;  
In all but name, her sovereign ; last of all,  
Thy father.



*Ang.* In an evil hour——

*Rie.* Dar'st thou

Say that? An evil hour for thee, my Claudia!  
Thou shouldst have been an emperor's bride, my fairest.  
In evil hour thy woman's heart was caught,  
"By the form moulded as an antique god;"  
The gallant bearing, the feigned tale of love—  
All false, all outward, simulated all.

*Ang.* But that I loved her, but that I do love her,  
With a deep tenderness, softer and fonder  
Than thy ambition-hardened heart e'er dream'd of,  
My sword should answer thee.

*Rie.* Go to, Lord Angelo;

Thou lov'st her not.—Men taunt not, nor defy  
The dear one's kindred. A bright atmosphere  
Of sunlight and of beauty breathes around  
The bosom's idol.—I have lov'd—she loves thee;  
And therefore thy proud father,—even the shrew,  
Thy railing mother, in her eyes, are sacred.  
Lay not thy hand upon thy sword, fair son—  
Keep that brave for thy comrades. I'll not fight thee.  
Go and give thanks to yonder simple bride,  
That her plebeian father mews not up,  
Safe in the citadel, her noble husband.  
Thou art dangerous, Colonna. But, for her,  
Beware!

*Ang.* (R. c.) Come back, Rienzi! Thus I throw  
A brave defiance in thy teeth. [Throws down his glove.

*Rie.* Once more,  
Beware!

*Ang.* Take up the glove!

*Rie.* This time, for her— [Takes up the glove.  
For her dear sake—come to thy bride! home! home!

*Ang.* Dost fear me, tribune of the people!

*Rie.* Fear!

Do I fear thee!—Tempt me no more.—This once,  
Home to thy bride! [Exit, R.

*Ang.* Now, Ursini, I come—  
Fit partner of thy vengeance! [Exit, L.



SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Colonna Palace.*

*Enter* URSINI, STEPHEN COLONNA, LADY COLONNA, SAVELLI, FRANGIPANI, and Nobles, R.

*Lady C. (c.)* Five thousand horsemen at the gates of Rome,

And armed retainers in each horse and knights,  
Harness'd in glittering mail ; with banner proud,  
And trump, and war-cry, hurling their bright spears  
At the usurper's head ! Why, now I know ye,  
My gallant kinsmen.—When ye crouched, like hounds,  
Beneath the tyrant's lash ; or stealthily,  
At midnight meetings, and below your breath,  
Mutter'd of murders—the quick poinard-stroke—  
The calculated poison, that consumes  
So much of life a day—or that mute slayer,  
The Eastern bow-string,—chivalry of Rome,  
What marvel that I knew ye not, distained  
With such base purpose. Now ye have clothed death  
In the brave guise of war, and made him gay  
And lovely as a bridegroom, speed ye forth !  
Away ! the sun is low !—Ye have a city  
To win, ere night !

*Col. (l.)* Better await the night ;  
And then, in darkness and in storm, at once  
Crush the stunn'd Tribune.

*Lady C. (c.)* Dost thou say await,  
Stephen Colonna ? Dost thou seek the veil  
Of darkness for a deed of light ?—On, on !  
Whilst yet the sunbeams kiss the glittering stream  
Of armed knights and barbed steeds.—On, on !  
Whilst yet the column'd banners of our house  
May catch their parting glory, as the peaks  
Of highest Alps shine o'er the twilight world.

*Urs.* The lady counsels well. In every street  
Stand knots of citizens in sad debate  
Of their proud ruler's frenzy ; I have sent  
Bold tongues amongst them, madam—

*Enter* ANGELO, L. 7

*Col.* Lo ! thy son !

*Lady C.* Sir, since he called Rienzi's daughter wife,  
I have no son !

*Ang.* Oh, mother, say not so !  
Savelli ! Ursini ! ye bade me hither  
With broken phrase and solemn tone, and pause  
Of mighty import. Good my lords, I come  
To read your mystery. The city's full  
Of camp-like noises ; tramp of steeds, and clash  
Of mail, and trumpet-blast, and ringing clang  
Of busy armourers ; the grim ban-dog bays ;  
The champing war-horse in his stall neighs loud ;  
The vulture shrieks aloft. Ye are still leagued  
Against Rienzi.

*Urs.* Wouldst betray—

*Ang.* Betray !  
Why, I am spurned, derided, scorned, cast off,  
As a child's broken toy. Betray ! I come  
To join ye. Ay, dear mother, to pull down  
The haughty tyrant from his throne, or fall  
As may beseem thy son. Angels and saints,  
Bear witness to my oath !

*Sav.* I do believe thee  
With a most constant faith. On thy clear brow  
Honour and victory sit crowned.

*Ang.* Oh, put me  
To the proof, my lords ! Why stay we here ? Good father,  
Think'st thou suspicion's straining eye-balls sleep,  
Or that the watcher, doubt, hath lost his keen  
And delicate sense of sound ? We must forerun  
The tyrant's fear. Follow me, ye that love  
The joy of glorious battle !

*Lady C.* Angelo !

*Ang.* Nay, when the fight is won.—Then thou shalt  
dew  
My laurels with glad tears.—Stay me not now.

*Lady C.* Bear to the fight thy mother's blessing,  
boy—

Her proud and joyful blessing, not her tears.  
Thou art the last of all my children, Angelo—  
Dearest and last. Unkindness never came  
Betwixt us twain save once. But, had I sons  
As many and as brave as that old queen  
Who mourned her Troy in ashes, I would peril  
Each several warrior in this cause as freely  
As thou, my one fair boy. Now speed thee forth,  
To conquest or to death.—Why lingerest thou,  
My Angelo ?

*Ang.* Mother !

*Lady C.* What wouldst thou ?

*Ang.* Claudia !

*Lady C.* His daughter.

*Ang.* Poor, poor Claudia ! I have left her  
Even on our bridal-day. But, if I fall—  
Mother !

*Lady C.* Fie ! Fie ! his daughter ! speed thee forth  
To battle !—On, brave kinsmen ! [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Capitol.*

*Enter RIENZI, L., and CLAUDIA, R., meeting, C.*

*Cla.* Father !

At last I find thee, father !

*Rie.* Well, my child !

What wouldst thou ?

*Cla.* Nay, I know not. Be the guests  
Departed ?

*Rie.* Yes.

*Cla.* All gone ; and wherefore went ye  
To the Lateran, dear father ? And where loiters—

*Rie.* Aspic !

*Cla.* Methought a bridal should be merrier—  
Not merrier, but happier. Angelo !

*Rie.* Oh, foulest ingrate ! when I wed thy mother—  
Oh, fiend accurs'd !

*Cla.* Nay, nay,—perchance he's gone  
To crave his mother's blessing. Is't not strange  
That I should love so well who loves not me ?  
But I have felt a yearning of the heart  
Toward that majestic lady, which hath reached  
Almost to painfulness. If I should kneel  
Before her and implore her grace—

*Rie.* Thou'dst find  
Such welcome as the mountain cat might yield  
To the dappled fawn ; such greeting as the wolf  
To the curled lamb.

*Cla.* Oh ! she would love me, father,  
Even for the prideful love of Angelo,  
That woke her hatred first. A mother joys  
To tell fond legends of her children : who,  
Like me, would listen, with unwearied ear,  
To tales of Angelo, and call for more ;

And, when her store was ended, cry again;  
And every day, and all day long, be fed  
With praise of that dear name? Why dost thou groan?

*Rie.* A scorpion stung me.

*Cla.* Kill it, father—kill it,  
Before it sting again.

*Rie.* Alas, alas!

I'll think of him no more.

*Enter CAMILLO, followed by ALBERTI, L.*

Camillo, speak!

Thy breathless speed and pallid cheeks have told  
A world of news already. Quick, Alberti!  
Thy tidings, man,—thy tidings!

*Alb.* Good my lord,  
Rome is begirt with foes. The barons lead  
Their vassals,—every palace voids a horde  
Of armed retainers.

*Rie.* By Our Lady's name,  
I have not heard so glad a sound, since that  
Which hailed me Tribune of the people! What!  
These masking murderers turned to warrior knights?  
Their mine of treason sprung! Now we shall work  
In daylight. Toll the bell—summon the guards!—  
Sweet, to thy chamber!

[*To Claudia.*

*Cla.* Angelo!

*Alb.* He leads  
The rebel force.

*Cla.* 'Tis false!

*Alb.* I would it were.

*Cla.* Thou liest,—he is no rebel. Whom he leads,  
Are friends to aid the Tribune. Be they not,  
Camillo? Speak, old man,—Be they not friends?

*Cam.* Alas! sweet lady.

*Cla.* Go not forth, dear father,—  
They lie—be sure they lie,—yet go not forth!  
Stay here with me! Avoid him!—stay with me!  
Leave me not here alone!

*Rie.* Peace, peace!

*Cla.* I'll meet him.

Armed or unarmed, as friend or foe, I'll fly  
To meet Lord Angelo. I am his wife—  
His own true wife.

[*Exit, R.*

*Rie.* Entice her to her chamber,  
And watch that she escapes not.

[*Exit Camillo, R.*

Now, good captain,  
Let the great bell, with loud and hasty tongue,  
Summon the people, and the trumpet-sound  
Collect the scattered guard. Be they all faithful?

*Alb.* I'll answer for them with my life.

*Rie.* What, ho!

My armour! See that Saladin be barbed  
Complete in mail. By heaven, there is a joy  
In fronting these proud nobles,—they who deem  
Man valiant by descent.

*Alb.* Shall we not send  
To guard the city gates?

*Rie.* To fling them wide!

Let the weak timid hare and wily fox  
Fence their dank earthy holes,—the lion's den  
Is open. We will fight for Rome and freedom,  
Here in Rome's very streets, beside the hearths  
Of the freed citizens, the households gods  
Worshipped in every faith. Fling wide the gates!  
I'll follow on the instant. Ho, my armour! [*Exeunt, R.*]

END OF ACT IV.

---

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Capitol.*]

RIENZI seated at a Table, R.—CAMILLO and ALBERTI discovered in the front, R.

*Alb.* My Lord Rienzi. [*Rienzi motions them to be silent.*]

*Cam.* See, he waves thee off:

Trouble him not, Alberti—he is chafed,  
Moody, and fierce, as though this victory,  
Which drove the noble mutineers before ye,  
As stag-hounds chase a herd of deer, had ended  
In blank defeat.

*Alb.* The Tribune bore him bravely,  
And we are victors.—Yet the storm is hush'd,  
Not spent. When, after this wild night of war,  
The sun arose, he showed a troubled scene  
Of death and disarray; a doubtful flight,  
A wavering triumph. Even at the gate



Savelli re-collects his scattered band;  
 The people falter; and the soldiery  
 Mutter low curses as they fight, and yearn  
 For their old leaders. Victors though we be,  
 The Tribune totters. His hot pride—yet, sooth,  
 He bore him gallantly. Beneath his sword  
 Fell the dark plotter, Ursini.

*Cam.* How fared  
 The bold Colonna?

*Alb.* The old valiant chief,  
 With many a younger pillar of that high  
 And honoured house, lies dead.

*Cam.* And Angelo?

*Alb.* A prisoner. As he knelt beside the corse  
 Of his brave father, without word or blow,  
 As easily as an o'er-wearied child,  
 We seized him.

*Cam.* Lo! the Tribune!

*Rie.* [*Rising and advancing.*] Now admit  
 Your prisoners; we would see them. Thou, Camillo,  
 Summon the headsman, and prepare the court  
 For sudden execution.

*Alb.* [*Turning back.*] If a true  
 And faithful servant of the good estate,—  
 If thine old friend, great Tribune—

*Rie.* Hark ye, sir!  
 The difficult duty of supreme command  
 Rests on my head. Obedience is thy slight  
 And easy task,—obedience swift and blind,  
 “As yonder sword, death’s sharp-edged instrument,  
 My faithful servant, an’ thou wilt, my friend,  
 Owes to this strong right hand.

Look that the headsman  
 Be ready presently.” The prisoners!

[*Exeunt Alberti and Camillo, L.*]

Ay,  
 Even this poor simple remnant of the wars  
 Can lead their fickle purpose. Abject changelings!  
 Base huggers of their chains! Methought, to-day  
 These Roman Helots would have crouch’d i’ the dust  
 At sound of their old master’s whips. I have been  
 Too easy with the slaves. Terror, not love,  
 Strikes anchor in ignoble souls. These prisoners,  
 Why could they not have died, as die thy shall.

Was there no lance, no soldier's glorious way  
To let out life, but they must wait the slow  
And shameful axe? Yet Angelo—

*Enter ALBERTI, with ANGELO, FRANGIPANI, CAFARELLO,  
and other Lords—Prisoners guarded.*

*Alb.* My lord,  
The prisoners!

*Rie.* (R.) Bring them to the light. The prisoners!  
The noble prisoners! I have seen ye, sirs,  
Before, at Claudia's bridal,—you, and you,  
The Frangipani, and the Ursini,—  
Ay, and the high Colonna: my allies,  
My friends, my subjects; ye who swore to me  
Allegiance at the altar; ye for whom  
One harlot sin is not enough,—who pile,  
Adulterate in crime, treason on murder,  
And perjury on treason! Hence! begone!  
Ye know your doom.

*Fra.* (c.) And fear it not.

*Rie.* To death! [Going, L.  
To instant death. Hold! here is one. Lord Angelo,  
How shall I call thee, son or traitor?

*Ang.* (L.) Foe.

I know no father, save the valiant dead  
Who lives behind a rampart of his slain  
In warlike rest. I bend before no king,  
Save the dread Majesty of heaven. Thy foe,  
Thy mortal foe, Rienzi. [Crossing to c.

*Rie.* Well! my foe.

Thou hast seen me fling a pardon free as air,  
To foemen crouching at my feet; hast seen  
The treachery that paid me. I have lost  
My faith in man's bold eye—"his earnest voice,  
The keen grasp of his hand, the speech where truth  
Seems gushing in each ardent word." I have known  
So many false, that, as a mariner  
Escaped from shipwreck, in the summer sea,  
Sparkling with gentle life, sees but the rocks  
On which his vessel struck, so I, in the bright  
And most majestic face of man, can read  
Nought but a smiling treason. Yet thou, Angelo,—  
Thou art not all a lie! If I should trust—

*Ang.* Sir, I shall not deceive thee. Mark, Rienzi!  
If thou release me—'tis the thought that works

Even now within thy brain—before yon sun  
Reach the hot west, the war-cry of Colonna  
Shall sweep once more thy streets. Then, stern revenge,  
Or smiling death!

*Rie.* [*Crossing to c.*] Madman!

*Ang.* Wouldst have me live,—  
Thou who hast levelled to the earth the pride  
Of my old princely race? My kinsmen lie  
Scattered and fallen in the highway; and he,  
The stateliest pillar of our house, my father,  
Stephen Colonna—oh! the very name,  
The bright ancestral name, which as a star  
Pointed to glory, fell into eclipse  
When my brave father died!

*Rie.* (R. c.) I spared him once;

Spared him for a second treason. And again—

*Ang.* Sir, he is dead. If thou wouldst show me  
grace,  
Lay me beside him in the grave.

*Rie.* And Claudia—  
Thy virgin bride!

*Ang.* Alas! alas, for thee,  
Sweet wife! Yet thou art pure as the white clouds  
That sail around the moon; thy home is heaven,—  
There we shall meet again; here we are parted  
For ever.

*Rie.* Wherefore?

*Ang.* She is thy daughter.

*Rie.* Boy!

Proud abject minion of a name, a sound,  
Think'st thou to beard me thus! thou hast thy will.  
Away with them! Dost hear me, dallying slave?  
Off with the prisoners.

*Alb.* All, my lord?

*Rie.* With all. [*Throwing himself into a chair, R.*]

*Ang.* For this I thank thee. Bear one fond farewell  
To Claudia. Tell her, that my latest prayer  
Shall blend her name with mine. For thee, Rienzi,  
Tremble! a tyrant's rule is brief.

[*Exeunt Albert, Angelo, &c., L.*]

*Rie.* [*Rises and advances.*] They are gone,  
And my heart's lightened; how the traitor stood  
Looking me down with his proud eye, disdainingly  
Fair mercy,—making of the hideous block  
An altar,—of unnatural ghastly death,

A god. He hath his will; and I—my heart  
Is tranquil.

*Cla.* [*Without, R.*] Father! father!

*Rie.* Guard the door! [*Looking out, R.*

Be sure ye give not way.

*Cla.* [*Without, R.*] Father!

*Rie.* To see

Her looks! her tears!

*Enter CLAUDIA, hastily, R.*

*Cla.* Who dares to stop me? Father!

[*Rushes into the arms of Rienzi.*

*Rie.* (c.) I bade ye guard the entrance.

*Cla.* Against me!

Ye must have men and gates of steel, to bar  
Claudia from her dear father. Where is he?  
They said he was with you—he—thou know'st  
Whom I would say. I heard ye loud. I thought  
I heard ye; but, perchance, the dizzying throb  
Of my poor temples—Where is he? I see  
No corse—an' he were dead—Oh, no, no, no!  
Thou couldst not, wouldst not! Say he lives.

*Rie.* As yet

He lives.

*Cla.* (R. c.) Oh! blessings on thy heart, dear father!  
Blessings on thy kind heart! When shall I see him?  
Is he in prison? Fear hath made me weak,  
And wordless as a child. Oh! send for him.—  
Thou hast pardoned him;—didst thou not say but now  
Thou hadst pardoned him.

*Rie.* No.

*Cla.* Oh, thou hast! thou hast!

This is the dalliance thou wast wont to hold  
When I have craved some girlish boon,—a bird,  
A flower, a moonlight walk; but now I ask thee  
Life, more than life. Thou hast pardoned him?

*Rie.* My Claudia!

*Cla.* Ay! I am thine own Claudia, whose first word  
Was father! These are the same hands that clung  
Around thy knees, a tottering babe; the lips  
That, ere they had learnt speech, would smile, and seek  
To meet thee with an infant's kiss;  
Thou hast called so like my mother's; eyes, that never  
Gazed on thee, but with looks of love.—Oh, pardon!

Nay, father, speak not yet : thy brows are knit  
Into a sternness. Pry'thee, speak not yet !

*Rie.* This traitor—

*Cla.* Call him as thou wilt, but pardon !

Oh, pardon !

[*Kneels.*

*Rie.* He defies me.

*Cla.* See, I kneel,

And he shall kneel, shall kiss thy feet ; wilt pardon ?

*Rie.* Mine own dear Claudia.

*Cla.* Pardon !

*Rie.* Raise thee up ;

Rest on my bosom ; let thy beating heart

Lie upon mine ; so shall the mutual pang

Be stilled. Oh ! that thy father's soul could bear

This grief for thee, my sweet one ! Oh, forgive—

*Cla.* Forgive thee what ? 'Tis so the headsman  
speaks

To his poor victim, ere he strikes. Do fathers

Make widows of their children ?—send them down

To the cold grave heart-broken ? Tell me not

Of fathers,—I have none ! All else that breathes

Hath known that natural love : the wolf is kind

To her vile cubs ; the little wren hath care

For each small youngling of her brood ; and thou—

The word that widowed, orphaned me ? Henceforth

My home shall be his grave ; and yet thou canst not—

Father ! [*Rushing into Rienzi's arms.*]

*Rie.* Ay !

Dost call me father once again, my Claudia,—

Mine own sweet child !

*Cla.* Oh, father, pardon him !

Oh, pardon ! pardon !—'Tis my life I ask

In his. Our lives, dear father !

*Rie.* Ho, Camillo !

Where loiters he !

[*Enter Camillo, R.*

Camillo, take my ring ;

Fly to the captain of the guard, Alberti ;

Bid him release Lord Angelo.

*Cla.* Now bless thee,—

Bless thee, my father !

*Rie.* Fly, Camillo, fly !

Why loiterest thou ?

*Cam.* The ring.

[*Rienzi gives the ring to Camillo—Exit Camillo, L.*



*Cla.* Give me the ring.

Whose speed may match with mine? Let me be first  
To speak those gracious words of pardon.

*Rie.* No!

That were no place for thee.

*Cla.* I should see nought

But him! whilst old Camillo—Oh, I hear

His weary footfall still!—I should have been

In Angelo's arms ere now. [*Bell sounds.*] Hark! hark!  
the bell!

*Rie.* It is the bell that thou so oft hast heard  
Summoning the band of liberty—"the bell  
That pealed its loud triumphant note, and raised  
Its mighty voice with such a mastery  
Of glorious power, as if the spirit of sound  
That dwells in the viewless wind, and walks the waves  
Of the chafed sea, and rules the thunder-cloud  
That shrouded him in that small orb, to spread  
Tidings of freedom to the nations." Now  
It tells of present peril.

*Cla.* Say, of death.

Oh father! every stroke thrills through my veins,  
Swaying the inmost pulses of my heart  
As swings the deep vibration. 'Tis his knell.

*Rie.* My child,  
Have I not said that he shall live?

*Cla.* Then stop  
That bell. The dismal noise beats on me, father,  
As from a thousand echoes; mixed with groans,  
And shrieks, and moanings in the air. Dost hear them?  
Dost hear, again? Be those screams real, father?  
Or of the gibbering concerts that salute  
The newly mad?

*Rie.* Be calmer, sweet. I heard  
A shriek—a woman's shriek. Calm thee, my child.

*Enter* LADY COLONNA, L.

*Lady C.* He's dead. He's dead!

*Rie.* It is her husband, Claudia;  
Stephen Colonna.

*Lady C.* Murderer, 'tis my son,

[*Claudia sinks at her father's feet.*

My husband died in honour'd fight; for him  
I weep not.

*Rie.* Angelo is pardoned, Claudia.

*Lady C.* He is dead. I saw the axe, fearfully bright,  
Wave o'er his neck with an edgy shine that cut  
My burning eye-balls; saw the butcher-stroke  
And the hot blood gush like a fountain high,  
From out the veins; and then I heard a voice  
Cry pardon! heard a shout that chorused pardon!  
Pardon! to that disjoined corse! Oh, deep  
And horrible mockery! So the fiends shall chant  
Round thy tormented soul, and pardon, pardon,  
Ring through the depths of hell.

*Rie.* "Claudia, my sweet one,  
Look up—speak to me! Writhe not thus, my Claudia,  
Shivering about my feet."

*Lady C.* "Claudia Colonna!  
They say that grief is proud; but I will own thee.  
Now, my fair daughter, rouse thee!—Help me curse  
Him who hath slain thy husband."

*Rie.* Woman, fiend,  
Thou kill'st my child,—avaunt!

*Lady C.* "When I have said  
Mine errand. Think'st thou I came here to crush  
Yon feeble worm?—Thou hast done that! She loved  
him,

Fair faithful wretch, and thou—Why, I could laugh  
At such a vengeance! Thy keen axe, that hewed  
My column to the earth, struck down the weed  
That crept around its base."

*Rie.* "Claudia! she moves!  
She is not dead."

*Lady C.* "Dead! Why, the dead are bless'd,  
And she is blasted.—Dead! the dead lie down  
In peace, and she shall pine a living ghost  
About thee, with pale looks and patient love,  
And bitter gusts of anguish, that shall cross  
The gentle spirit, when poor Angelo—  
A widow's and a childless mother's curse  
Rest on thy head, Rienzi! Live, till Rome  
Hurl thee from thy proud seat; live but to prove  
The ecstasy of scorn, the fierce contempt  
That wait the tyrant fallen; then die, borne down  
By mighty justice!—die as a wild beast  
Before the hunters!—die, and leave a name  
Portentous, bloody, brief—a meteor name,

Obscurely bad, or madly bright! My curse  
Rest on thy head, Rienzi."

*Rie.* Help there! help! Camillo!

*Enter CAMILLO, L.*

*Rie.* Ay, I know thou wast too late. Bring aid.—  
See! see!

Her lips are colouring fast,—she is not dead.  
Bring aid.

*Cam.* My lord, Savelli, with a power  
Gathering in every street, comes on; the guards  
Flee, and the people hear the bell, nor flock  
To aid or rescue.

*Lady C.* Now, revenge! revenge!  
*Savelli!* Murderer, when next we meet,  
Thou shalt give blood for blood. [*Exit, L.*]

*Rie.* She lives! Aid! aid!  
Her pulses beat again. Go, call her maids!  
Speed thee, Camillo! [*Exit Camillo, R.*]  
How shall I endure

The unspoken curses of her eye: "how bear  
Her voice!" My child! my child! my beautiful—  
Whom I so loved! whom I have murdered! *Claudia*,  
Mine own beloved child! She would have given  
Her life for mine. Would I were dead!

*Re-enter CAMILLO, R., with Ladies and Attendants, who  
recover and bear off CLAUDIA from her Father, R.*

*Cam.* My lord—

*Rie.* Camillo, when I'm gone, be faithful to her,—  
"Be very faithful! Save her, shield her, better  
Than I, that was her father." She'll not trouble  
Thee long, good Camillo; "the sure poison, grief,  
Rankles in those young veins." Yet cherish her,—  
She loved thee.

*Cam.* My dear master—thou thyself—

*Rie.* My business is to die. Watch o'er my child;  
And, soon as I am dead, conduct her safely  
To the small nunnery of the Ursulines,  
Her pious steps so often sought.—Away!

[*Exit Camillo, R.*]  
She will not curse me dead.—She'll pray for me,  
In that poor broken heart. Oh, blessings on thee,  
My child! mine own sweet child!

*Enter ALBERTI, L.*

*Alb.* My lord, Savelli  
Comes on apace.

*Rie.* Summon the people.

*Alb.* They, too,  
Advance against thee.

*Rie.* And for such I left  
The assured condition of my lowliness,—  
The laughing days, the peaceful nights, the joys  
Of a small quiet home ; for such I risked  
Thy peace, my daughter. Abject, crouching slaves !  
False, fickle, treacherous, perjured slaves ! how come  
they ?

How led, how armed, how number'd ?

*Alb.* They sweep on,  
A thickening cloud, as locusts, when they light  
On the green banks of Nile. The furious mother  
“ Leads them, and saints revenge, in her fierce prayers  
And frantic imprecations.”

*Rie.* “ Tis the fiend  
That speediest answers to the daring call  
Of his mad worshippers. So be it.”

*Alb.* Some mix with their shouts the name  
Of mighty liberty.

*Rie.* Oh, had I laid  
All earthly passion, pride, and pomp, and power,  
And high ambition, and hot lust of rule,  
Like sacrificial fruits, upon the altar  
Of Liberty, divinest Liberty !  
“ Then—but the dream that filled my soul was vast  
As his whose mad ambition thinned the ranks  
Of the Seraphim, and peopled hell. These slaves !”  
These crawling reptiles ! May the curse of chains  
Cling to them ever. Seek the court, Alberti—  
Dismiss the guard—unbar the gates.—I'll seek  
The people.

*Alb.* Singly !

*Rie.* Singly, sir.

[*Exeunt Alberti and Rienzi, R.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the Gates of the Capitol.*

*Enter LADY COLONNA, SAVELLI, Soldiers, and  
Citizens, R. and L.*

*Lady C. (R.)* Come on! Why loiter ye? Ye that have  
sons,

Ye that have known a mother's love, come on;  
A woman leads to vengeance.

*First Cit. (L. C.)* Say, to justice.

*Sav. (L.)* Look, look, the gates are barred. The Tri-  
bune means

To stand a desperate siege. Bring axes, sirs,  
And fire. Consume the palace! hew the doors!  
Bring torches!

*Lady C.* Ay, with mine own hand I'll light  
The accursed and murderous den; thy funeral pyre,  
My Angelo.

*Sav.* Bring torches! hew the gates!

*Citizens.* Down with the tyrant! drag him forth.—

Rienzi! [*The gates are opened—Rienzi appears.*]

*Rie.* Who calls upon Rienzi? Citizens,  
What seek ye of your Tribune?

*Lady C.* Give me back  
My son.

*Rie.* Oh, that grim Death would give him back  
To Claudia! But the cold, cold grave—why come ye?

*Second Cit.* For vengeance, perjured tyrant! for thy  
blood—for liberty!

*Rie.* For liberty! Go seek  
Earth's loftiest heights, and ocean's deepest caves;  
Go where the sea-snake and the eagle dwell,  
'Midst mighty elements,—where nature is,  
And man is not, and ye may see afar,  
Impalpable as a rainbow on the clouds,  
The glorious vision! Liberty! I dream'd  
Of such a goddess once; dream'd that yon slaves  
Were Romans, such as ruled the world, and I  
Their Tribune;—vain and idle dream! Take back  
The symbol and the power. What seek ye more?

*First Cit. (L.)* Tyrant! thy life!

*Rie.* Come on. Why pause ye, cowards?  
I am unarmed. My breast is bare. Why pause ye?



*Enter CLAUDIA, through the gate in the centre of the flat—  
Rushes forward to Rienzi.*

*Cla.* Father!

*Sav.* Oh, save her!

*Rie.* Drag her from my neck,

If ye be men! Save her! She never harmed

A worm. My Claudia, bless thee! bless thee! Now  
—now!—

*[Rienzi falls, pierced by many spears, and the people divide,  
leaving Claudia stretched on her father's body.]*

*Sav.* Ay, that thrust pierced to the heart; he dies  
Even whilst I speak.

*Cla.* Father!

*Lady C.* Alas! poor child!

*Sav.* She bleeds, I fear, to death. Go bear her in,  
And treat the corse with reverence; for surely,  
Though stained with much ambition, he was one  
Of the earth's great spirits.

#### DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

SOLDIERS.

SOLDIERS.

POPULACE. SAVELLI. CLAUDIA. LADY C. POPULACE.  
RIENZI.

R.

L.

THE END.

**A NEW DRAMATIC WORK.**

*Publishing in Numbers, price 6d. each.*

---

**CUMBERLAND'S  
MINOR THEATRE,**

WITH

**REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,**

By D—G.

*EDITOR OF CUMBERLAND'S BRITISH THEATRE.*

CONSISTING OF

**THE MOST POPULAR BURLETTAS, INTERLUDES, VAUDEVILLES,  
AND MELODRAMAS; CORRECTLY MARKED WITH THE  
STAGE BUSINESS, AS PERFORMED AT THE  
METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.**

---

Each Play may be purchased separately, being complete in itself, embellished with a fine full-length Portrait of a celebrated Performer, engraved in a delicate and spirited manner on steel, by MR. WOOLNOTH, from a masterly Drawing by MR. WAGEMAN, taken expressly for this Work; or an Engraving of the most interesting Scene, by MR. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre by MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

THE MINOR BRITISH THEATRE is in every respect uniform with, and a companion to, that highly popular publication, CUMBERLAND'S BRITISH THEATRE; containing all the best Acting Plays in the English Language, including not only the favourite pieces produced at the Theatres Royal, but also those at the Metropolitan Minor Theatres, forming together a cheap, elegant, and complete Theatrical Library.

---

*Just Published,]*

No. 1. THE PILOT, a Nautical Burletta, in Three Acts, by Edward Fitz-Ball, Esq.  
Embellished with a Portrait of Mr. T. P. Cooke, in the character of Long Tom Coffin.

---

**LONDON: JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.**

# CUMBERLAND'S ACTING PLAYS,

Price 6d. each, very expensive Copyrights, 1s. each.

## VOL. I.

1. Romeo and Juliet.
2. She Stoops to Conquer.
3. Macbeth.
4. Pizarro.
5. Richard III.
6. Douglas.
7. Suspicious Husband.

## VOL. II.

8. Othello.
9. The Duenna.
10. The Rivals.
11. The Belle's Stratagem.
12. Cymbeline.
13. Venice Preserved.
14. The West Indian.

## VOL. III.

15. Much Ado about Nothing
16. The Hypocrite.
17. As You Like It.
18. The Provoked Husband.
19. The Beggars' Opera.
20. The Way to Keep Him.
21. The Padoick.

## VOL. IV.

22. King John.
23. King Henry IV. Part I.
24. The Wonder,
25. Hamlet.
26. Trip to Scarborough
27. The Road to Ruin.
28. The Gamester.

## VOL. V.

29. The Winter's Tale.
30. The Man of the World.
31. The Inconstant.
32. Love in a Village.
33. Jane Shore.
34. King Henry VIII.
35. Julius Cæsar.

## VOL. VI.

36. Merchant of Venice.
37. Merry Wives of Windsor.
38. Virginius, 1s.
39. Caius Gracchus.
40. All in the Wrong.
41. King Lear.
42. Cato.

## VOL. VII.

43. New way to pay Old Debts
44. Measure for Measure.
45. The Jealous Wife.
46. The Tempest.
47. Clandestine Marriage.
48. Coriolanus.
49. Every One has his Fault.

## VOL. VIII.

50. The Alcaid.
51. The Busy Body.
52. The Tale of Mystery.
53. Know your Own Mind.
54. The Mayor of Garratt.
55. A Woman Never Vext.
56. The Maid of the Mill.

## VOL. IX.

57. The Barber of Seville.
58. Isabella.
59. Charles the Second.
60. The Fair Penitent.
61. George Barnwell.
62. The Fall of Algiers.
63. Der Freischütz.

## VOL. X.

64. The Fatal Dowry.
65. Shepherd of Derwent Vale
66. Father and Son.
67. Wives as they Were.
68. Lofty Projects.
69. Every Man in his Humour
70. The Two Galley Slaves.

## VOL. XI.

71. Brutus, 1s.
72. Ali Pacha.
73. Twelfth Night.
74. Henry the Fifth.
75. Love in Humble Life.
76. Child of Nature.
77. The Sleep Walker.

## VOL. XII.

78. Orestes in Argos.
79. Hide and Seek.
80. Tribulation.
81. The Rival Valets.
82. Roses and Thorns.
83. Midas. [Wife.
84. Rule a Wife and Have a

## VOL. XIII.

85. A Bold Stroke for a Wife.
86. The Good-Natured Man.
87. Overon.
88. The Lord of the Manor.
89. The Honey-Moon.
90. Doctor Bolus.
91. High Life Below Stairs.

## VOL. XIV.

92. Disagreeable Surprise.
93. The Stranger.
94. The Village Lawyer.
95. School for Scandal.
96. The Spoiled Child.
97. Animal Magnetism.
98. The Wheel of Fortune.

## VOL. XV.

99. The Critic.
100. Deaf and Dumb.
101. The Castle Spectre.
102. The Revenge.
103. Midnight Hour.
104. Speed the Plough, 1s.
105. Rosina.

## VOL. XVI.

106. Monsieur Tonson.
107. Comedy of Errors.
108. Spectre Bridegroom.
109. Cure for Heart-ache, 1s.
110. Amateurs and Actors.
111. Inkle and Yarico.
112. Education.

## VOL. XVII.

113. Children in the Wood.
114. Rendezvous.
115. Barbarossa.
116. Gambler's Fate.
117. Giovanni in London.
118. School of Reform, 1s.
119. Lovers' Vows.

## VOL. XVIII.

120. The Highland Reel.
121. Two Gents. of Verona.
122. Taming of the Shrew.
123. Secrets Worth Know-
124. Weathercock. [ing, 1s.
125. Somnambulist.
126. All's Well that Ends Well

## VOL. XIX.

127. Artaxerxes.
128. The Serf, 1s.
129. The Lancers.
130. Love for Love.
131. Merchant's Wedding, 1s.
132. A Race for a Dinner.
133. Raising the Wind.

## VOL. XX.

- 134 The Siege of Belgrade.
- 135 Who Wants a Guinea? 1s.
- 136 The Poor Soldier.

## LIST OF PORTRAITS CONTAINED IN THE WORK.

Miss F. H. Kelly—Mr. Young—Miss Chester—Mr. Macready—Mrs. Bunn—Mrs. W. West—Miss Smithson—Mad. Vestris—Miss M. Tree—Mr. Wallack—Mr. Kean—Mr. C. Kemble—Mr. W. Farren—Miss Vincent—Mr. Harley—Mr. Jones—Mr. Mathews—Mr. Elliston—Mr. Kean, Jun—Miss Foote—Miss Paton—Miss Love.

Published in 41 parts, (which may be had separately) price 2s. 6d. each.

# THE PERCY ANECDOTES; Original and Select,

BY SHOLTO AND REUBEN PERCY,

*Brothers of the Benedictine Monastery, Mont Bengier.*

This elegant interesting little Work consists of Anecdotes on Forty different subjects; each subject forms a separate Part, which is complete in itself, and embellished with a popular Portrait, finely engraved by Fry, enriched with appropriate Emblematical devices, from the designs of a celebrated Artist.

It is unnecessary to enlarge on the varied excellences of a Work, which has already received such an unequivocal mark of Public approbation, by the unprecedented sale of TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY THOUSAND COPIES.

*List of the Subjects and Portraits contained in the Work.*

PART.	PORTRAIT.	PART.	PORTRAIT.
1. HUMANITY....	W. Wilberforce, Esq.	22. EXILE .....	Napoleon Bonaparte.
2. ELOQUENCE ..	The late Lord Erskine.	23. WAR .....	Duke of Wellington.
3. YOUTH .....	Son of Sir George Dallas.	24. PASTIME .....	Earl of Darlington.
4. GEORGE III & FAMILY.	George III & IV	25. PATRIOTISM..	Earl Fitzwilliam.
5. ENTERPRISE..	Mungo Park.	26. COMMERCE....	J. J. Angerstein, Esq.
6. CAPTIVITY....	Sir Sidney Smith.	27. THE STAGE ..	Mrs. Siddons.
7. SCIENCE .....	Sir Joseph Banks.	28. CRIME&PUNISHMENT.	Sir J. Mackintosh
8. HEROISM .....	Marquess of Anglesea.	29. TRAVELLING..	E. Daniel Clarke, LL.D.
9. JUSTICE .....	Lord Eldon.	30. LITERATURE..	J. Nichols, Esq. F.A.S.
10. INSTINCT .....	The Ettrick Shepherd.	31. WOMAN.....	Mrs. Hannah More.
11. HUMOUR .....	G. Colman, the Younger.	32. HONOUR .....	H.R.H. the Duke of York.
12. IMAGINATION.	Sir Walter Scott, Bart.	33. FASHION .....	Marchioness of Stafford.
13. FIDELITY.....	Marquess of Hastings.	34. MUSIC.....	William Crotch, Mus. D
14. FINE ARTS....	Sir T. Lawrence, Knt.	35. THE SENATE..	Right Hon. G. Canning.
15. HOSPITALITY..	W. T. Coke, Esq. M.P.	36. CONVIVIALITY.	Thomas Moore, Esq.
16. THE BAR .....	T. Denman, Esq. M.P.	37. INGENUITY....	John Rennie, Esq.
17. GENIUS .....	Robert Southey, Esq.	38. INTEGRITY....	Lord Liverpool.
18. SHIPWRECK ..	Captain Sir M. Maxwell.	39. ECCENTRICITY.	John Farquhar, Esq.
19. THE PULPIT ..	Rev. D. Wilson, A. M.	40. DOMESTIC LIFE.	Princess Charlotte.
20. INDUSTRY ....	R. Owen, Esq. of Lanark.	41. Twenty Engraved Titles, General Index, and Preface.	
21. BENEFICENCE.	Mrs. Elizabeth Fry.		

“One superiority the Percy Anecdotes possess over every other collection we have met with, a marked exclusion of every thing of immoral taint prevails throughout; and as volumes for the family fire-side, which a father may put with confidence into the hands of his children, we do not hesitate to give them our most unqualified approbation.”—*Literary Chronicle.*

LONDON: PRINTED FOR JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.



## VALUABLE WORKS,

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL,

And sold by Simpkin and Marshall, and Sherwood and Co., London; Curming, Dublin; Sutherland, Edinburgh; M'Phun, Glasgow; Cooper, Birmingham; Mann, Leeds; Noble, Hull; Cooper, Bristol; and all other Booksellers.

**1. CHRONOLOGY of the REIGNS of GEORGE THE THIRD and FOURTH,** by W. J. Belsham, Esq. Including every Important Fact in Public History, Parliament, Courts of Law, Police Reports, Prices Current, Statistics, Finance, Science, Literature, Drama, Fine Arts, Births, Longevity, Deaths, Phenomena, Earthquakes, Meteors, Inventions, and Discoveries. With a **GENERAL CHRONOLOGY** of the most Important Events and Discoveries, from the Earliest Period. Complete to the present time, in one elegant little Volume, with Engraved Title and Portraits on Steel, price 5s. boards.

**2. THE PERCY ANECDOTES,** Original and Select, by Sholto and Reuben Percy, Brothers of the Benedictine Monastery, Mont Benger. In Forty one Parts, with Portraits, 2s. 6d. each, or in 20 Vols. price £5 : 5s.

**3. CUMBERLAND'S BRITISH THEATRE,** an elegant Pocket Edition of the Acting Plays, containing all the best Tragedies, Comedies, Operas, and Farces now performing in the Theatres Royal, London, embellished with popular Portraits and Wood-Engravings. In Twenty Volumes, price £4 : 4s. 0d.

**4. CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES,** and Other Poems; to which are prefixed a Sketch of the History of English Poetry, a Life of Chaucer, and Observations on his Language and Versification. With a Fine Portrait, Vignette Titles, and Twenty Wood-Engravings. In Two Volumes, price 12s. boards.

**5. FIELDING'S PROVERBS OF ALL NATIONS, ANCIENT PASTIMES, HOLIDAYS, and CUSTOMS,** neatly bound in Roan, price 5s.

**6. LIFE IN PARIS,** embellished by Mr. George Cruikshank with Twenty-one Comic Vignettes, and Twenty-one coloured Engravings of Scenes from Real Life, price 21s. boards.

**7. BRITISH ENTOMOLOGY;** or, Illustrations and Descriptions of the Genera of Insects found in Great Britain and Ireland, Volumes One, Two, and Three, containing One Hundred and Forty-five highly-finished Plates, coloured from Nature, of the most beautiful and rare Species, together with Figures of the Indigenous Plants, to which many of them are attached. By John Curtis, F. L. S. Price £2 : 14s. each, extra boards. Published Monthly in Numbers, containing Four Coloured Plates, price 4s. 6d.

**8. LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,** late Emperor of France, by W. H. Ireland, Esq. Illustrated with Twenty-eight spirited Engravings, by Mr. George Cruikshank, from the masterly Designs of Vernet, Denon, &c. quarto size, beautifully coloured. In Sixty-four Numbers, price 1s. or Four Volumes, price £3. 6s. boards.

**9. LIVES and PORTRAITS of PUBLIC CHARACTERS,** who have distinguished themselves as Legislators, Statesmen, Warriors, Patriots, Philanthropists, Divines, Lawyers, Astronomers, Poets, Painters, Sculptors, &c. In Three Volumes 18mo. boards, price £1. 4s., or Fifteen Parts, at 1s. 6d. each, embellished with Eighty-seven Engravings by Cooper. *Unique.*

**10. HUME, SMOLLETT, and BURKE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND,** from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Coronation of his present Majesty; with a Series of Historical Questions for the Use of Students and Families. In Thirty-seven Parts, 1s. 6d. each; or in Six Volumes 8vo. extra boards, price £2 : 14s.

\* \* \* This is decidedly the most complete and elegant History of England ever offered to the Public; it is embellished with a fine Portrait of Hume, and One Hundred and Forty beautiful Wood-Engravings, by White, from Designs by Brooke



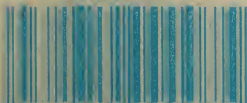






Made in Italy

06-08 MIN



8 032919 990075

[www.colibrisystem.com](http://www.colibrisystem.com)

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 072897926